THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Weekend Review

Vol. XLIII. No. 1093 [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1952 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] NINEPENCE

CONTENTS

	Page
COMMENTS	169
LAST CHANCE IN KOREA	172
NO SETTLEMENT WANTED	172
LONDON DIARY. By Critic	173
RESURGAM. By Sagittarius	173
THIS ENGLAND	174
THE PRIMARY CHILD—III. By Basil Davidson	174
WHAT USE IS U.N.? By Alexander Werth	175
LAND BUDGET. By C. E. M. Joad	176
THE ARTS IN AMERICA. By Geoffrey Grigson	178
TO THE ISLAND. By Nan Pebody	178
HURRAY, I'M READING. By Anita Engle	180
THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT:	
Werther and Mathis. By Desmond Shawe-Taylor	180
Radio Notes. By Naomi Lewis	182
The Movies. By William Whitebait	182
Various Exhibitions. By John Berger	182
CORRESPONDENCE	183
From Peggy Jay; C. S. Orwin; H. Gordon; Alexander Werth; John Gordon; Hugh Jenkins; Frances Miles; Naomi Mitchison.	
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By V. S. Pritchett	186
SWAN. By John Hewitt	187
REVIEWS:	Page
Audubon's Animals. By Julian Huxley	187
The Apostle Philosopher. By Noel Annan	188
Men and Their Land. By G. V. Jacks	188
Prisoner's Liberty. By Janet Adam Smith	190
The Author of Wozzeck. By Michael Hamburger	190
New Novels. By J. D. Scott	192
Russia Everyday. By Tom Paine	193
SHORTER REVIEWS	193
GRAMOPHONE NOTES. By Edward Sackville West	195
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS	195
CHESS. By Assiac	196

The Queen's Opportunity

THE British public has shown, as so often, that in taste and judgment it is far ahead of the social nabobs who administer the Court. The immediate reaction to King George's death was one of genuine grief, as at the passing of the head of a family. Then officialdom took over and tried to transform a remarkably spontaneous emotion into a stylised pattern of gloom and ritual. The result has been offensive to some, tedious to many more. The B.B.C.'s boring solemnity was a stilted effort to achieve good taste: it revealed only bad judgment. The Earl Marshal's peremptory order for national mourning was both intrusive and silly.

Actions of this kind show an unawareness of ordinary feeling and a failure to comprehend the functions of royalty in a modern democracy. The political role of the Crown has become, thanks to the late King's scrupulous abnegation of direct power, relatively easy to define. It is formal and at the same time sufficiently flexible to allow the peoples of the Commonwealth to decide their political destiny both internally and in relation to one another. A remarkable illustration is offered by the change in the Royal Proclamation; the Queen is now Head of the Commonwealth and, as such, acknowledged by Indians who themselves owe no allegiance to the Crown. The people decide; and the Crown, placing its supreme power at the service of the people, gives the formal endorsement, the hallmark of the public will, to their decisions. But its psychological obligations are as yet less easy to define and less satisfactorily honoured.

The choice of monarchy as the device by which the edifice of the State is rounded off implies acknowledgment of the underlying psychological need for some sort of supreme father substitute. The British instinct is to separate this function from effective political power, with the great advantage, which other nations sometimes envy, that father-hate and father-love need not corrupt political affairs. This is the origin of the 20th-century cult of the Royal family as a unit, which follows naturally when the idea of a King with Divine Right is rejected. But the head of the family—King or Queen—must, if this psychological need is to met, symbolise the way of life of his people.

For historical reasons, the British Royal family still symbolises the life and ways of the 19th-century landed aristocracy. The result is that the whole Royal example is of a way of life which is outmoded, indeed positively rejected by an overwhelming majority of the British peoples. Inevitably then, the Crown still has a political content which is wholly inappropriate to modern ideas. British Tories and the opponents of equality everywhere are thus justified in always reckoning that the influence of the Court is on their side. We do not suggest that the traditional pomp and circumstance of State occasions should be abandoned; that is a proper part of the allegory and the least that a great people owes itself in dignity. But we do suggest that the procedure of the Court and the selectively publicised details of the Royal family's domestic affairs must be brought closer to the ideals and aspirations of most of their subjects. Otherwise the symbol will no longer evoke a response, and the Crown will be inevitably dragged into political controversy.

To say that the influence of the Court is hostile to popular movements which exist to break down the barriers between classes and races is not to criticise the late King's impeccable devotion to his constitutional duty. It is to criticise the gang of costly and largely parasitic hangers-on whose interest it is to perpetuate the starchy protocol of the Court and the far-reaching symbolism of master and man. These people, the functionaries and office-holders, are drawn from the narrowest circle of hereditary privilege; they are largely out of touch with modern thought; they have the strongest private interest in perpetuating the old order and, to that end, they subject the Royal family, even outside the solemnity of great occasions, to a pompous discipline of red tape, bureaucracy and ridiculous archaism.

Queen Elizabeth and her popular Consort have a splendid chance to change all this, as in different circumstances Victoria and Albert did a century ago. They impress their subjects as being capable, energetic and sensibly progressive. We hope they

will seize their opportunity to sweep away the old order at Court and substitute a way of life which matches the times they live in and the aspirations of the community of peoples they rule. That would be the best way of completing the arduous service to which King George gave his life.

Problems for Lisbon

When it meets in Lisbon on February 20, the Atlantic Council will be faced with a pattern gone wrong. Apart from the Benelux disinclination to increase military expenditure to the extent required by the Harriman Committee, the patent inability of France to meet its 1952 target of 15-20 divisions in Europe, and differences as to how American aid (problematic itself in its form) is to be apportioned, the whole conception of a European Army is now in disarray. In a later column, our Paris correspondent reports the reactions in the National Assembly to M. Schuman's tepid advocacy of the acceptance of a West German defence contribution. By arguing, indeed, that the Assembly must accept it under duress, as otherwise the Americans would "go it alone" and re-create a German military menace, M. Schuman spoke in a way calculated to create anti-Americanism in France rather than enthusiasm for the scheme (now greatly modified) which M. Pleven originally fathered. But in any case, the proceedings in the Bonn Parliament at the end of last week were sufficient to make it clear that there will be no German contribution unless the French accept what would be, in fact, a revived *Wehrmacht*. The European Army under a Supreme Authority is dead.

When he addressed his Parliament, Dr. Adenauer made still further concessions to the Nationalists. Unable to give any assurance that agreement with France on the Saar was in sight, or that, in return for providing an army, West Germany would be admitted automatically to N.A.T.O., he asked for a mandate to continue negotiations—on the plea that, since the unity of Germany could be attained only with the help of the West, it was the duty of patriotic Germans to make a contribution to the West's military strength. This argument did not make his reception less hostile. Speaking for the Social Democrats, Dr. Ollenhauer seemed at last to be paying some attention to rank-and-file trade union opposition to rearmament in any and every form. He insisted that conscription would involve a constitutional change and would therefore require a two-thirds majority in the House. Further, taking what German observers call a "Bevanite" line, he argued that social services must take precedence over arms.

The Bonn Parliament eventually passed a series of "directive resolutions" whose effect was to authorise Dr. Adenauer to continue negotiations but on even steeper terms than before. Not merely must all the "so-called" war criminals be released, and Western Germany be relieved of any increased tax burden of military account, her entry into N.A.T.O. must be as a "sovereign and equal partner." That is, she must have real economic freedom; the Allied Security Board must be dissolved and foreign troops stationed on German soil must enjoy no special rights.

From the debates in Paris and Bonn one clear conclusion can be drawn. In both France and Germany there is sufficient opposition to present plans for a "German contribution" to enable Mr. Eden to kill them by lifting his little finger. Mr. Acheson is now in London, en route for Lisbon. Mr. Eden can either tacitly encourage him to "pressure" the French into submission or, if he has the courage, he can advise him to give up the attempt to reach finality at Lisbon, whatever Congress may say. Here is one of the occasions when postponement is the better part of European valour.

Work for Nothing?

Mr. H. P. Bardsley, the retiring chairman of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce, has come out with a proposal that has been more discussed privately than in public. Mr. Bardsley wants, in industry generally, an extra four hours work a week, without extra pay, in order to raise production and make larger exports possible while actually reducing prices in competitive markets. He couples this with a suggestion, not further elaborated, that there would have to be at the same time heavy cuts in profit margins all along the line, or the extra goods could not be sold and heavy unemployment would follow. Obviously he was thinking largely of the cotton trade, to which the rest of his speech was mainly devoted. But how does he expect his proposals to work? The workers will certainly not work extra hours for nothing if the effect will be either to throw numbers of them out of work or to swell the already swollen profits.

As far as exports are concerned, prices are not too high in relation to import prices: in a number of cases they may indeed be too low. In many cases, then, unpaid labour would simply swell profits, which could be taken away only by drastic special taxation that would not be easy to apply fairly. Nor would the workers accept the proposed wage-cut—for that is what the proposal amounts to—without firm guarantees against increased costs of living; and these could be given only if the Government was prepared both to spend much more, instead of less, on subsidies, as well as to re-impose drastic controls. If we are to face rearmament at the projected level, considerable overtime working in a number of trades will doubtless be involved; but it will have to be paid for, and even so will hardly be got without the *quid pro quo* of profit limitation, to which, in some forms, the Government is committed already. Incidentally, Mr. Bardsley did not explain how he proposed to apply his suggestion to piece-workers or appear to consider what its effects on piecework output were likely to be.

The Vicious Circle

During 1951, according to the Ministry of Labour's estimates, average wage-rates rose by about 10½ per cent. The retail price index rose over the same period by about 12 per cent. Statistics of average earnings will not be available for some time; but it seems unlikely that, on the average, real wages more than kept pace with living costs. Food prices rose by about 11 per cent.—just more than the general average, which was kept down by the small increases in rents and rates, drink and tobacco. Clothing prices rose steadily throughout the year, despite the very great fluctuations in the prices of materials—especially wool. On the other hand, durable household goods, after rising sharply up to August, showed a slight falling tendency. In most other groups, except perhaps clothing, there are evidently more price increases to come, especially in foods. For the moment there is a lull in demands for wage-increases, as the trade unions are holding their hands; but this lull can hardly last long in face of rising prices. Within a few months the battle on the wages front will almost certainly be rejoined, whatever may be the terms of Mr. Butler's Budget. What remains to be seen is whether the Government means to try to stop further wage-advances, or to cancel them by taxation falling on wage-incomes, or to enforce some kind of compulsory saving.

WASHINGTON

Focus on New Hampshire

A Correspondent writes: Five starters have gone to the post for the first of the primaries—on March 11 in New Hampshire. At the last moment, Senator Taft allowed his name to go forward with those of Harold Stassen and General Eisenhower, a bold decision to challenge the General in a State where the Republican machine supports him and an implied invitation to the Eisenhower backers to put their man forward in one of the Mid-West States where the party regulars are behind Taft. No doubt the Senator hopes that the "liberal" Republicans will split between Stassen and Eisenhower and that he will muster enough rock-ribbed support to show that he is a good vote-getter even in a State where the Eisenhower forces are strong; and he must also count on the fact that March 11 is town-meeting day in New Hampshire, when the annual meetings will bring Taft-minded voters in to the towns—and the polling booths. For Taft, this is something of a gamble, which he may have been moved to make by the evidence of straw polls that show him well ahead of Eisenhower in many areas. He could shrug off a beating in New Hampshire as irrelevant, since it is the 44th State in population, and since it is an Eisenhower base. But, if he runs a good second, or should beat Eisenhower, he might upset the General's bandwagon almost as decisively as the defeat in the 1944 Wisconsin primary put an end to Wendell Willkie's attempt to get a second Republican nomination.

On the Democratic side, Mr. Truman has in the end decided to leave his name on the ballot, and to make a trial of strength against Senator Kefauver. A trouncing here would be a serious setback for the Tennessee Senator's ambition to become the Democratic nominee: a victory over the President, in a small Republican State, would not be decisive. But, by opposing Kefauver, Mr. Truman has shown that the Democratic Party now takes his bid seriously and has decided to fight him—an impression that is supported by the entry into the Nebraska primary of Senator Kerr of Oklahoma, the millionaire Fair Dealer and Administration supporter, through whom the President will be fighting Kefauver by proxy.

The hazards of these presidential primary contests are attracting much comment. Their importance varies from one State to another: some States hold none at all, and most primaries have no legal effect on the delegates to the presidential conventions. Unlike many Congressional and State primaries, in which the voter really chooses his candidate, these are little

more than glorified popularity contests, conducted under peculiar rules. They are not a real method of allowing rank-and-file party supporters a voice in the selection of the candidate for President. Such effect as they have is largely negative—Dewey's defeat of Stassen in Oregon in 1948 is a case in point. Mr. Truman, it is known, favours a constitutional amendment permitting nation-wide primaries under common conditions, and there is now talk in Washington of such an amendment which would make "effective" primaries universal and put the genuine choice of candidate in the hands of the party supporters rather than in the gift of the professional politicians in convention assembled.

If this were ever to be done, it would finally rule out the "dark-horse" or compromise candidate, who is slipped in when the giants are in deadlock. Rumours are now current that MacArthur's supporters have such hopes for him this year, if Taft and Eisenhower are unable to beat each other down. In the sense that he combines the views of Taft with the popular appeal of Eisenhower, he might be such a compromise. But the boomlet for MacArthur that has begun in a number of States—and for which he publicly disowns responsibility—is much more likely to be a manœuvre of a different kind. Suppose MacArthur is built up as a potential candidate. Suppose, then, that he dramatically renounces all claim to the nomination on the grounds that the man in the White House should, in the words he used last week, have "ability in the science of civil government." The result might well be to tip the balance in favour of Taft. Who, more than MacArthur, could say with such effect that a General's place is in uniform and not in the Executive Mansion?

PARIS

Schuman at Bay

Our Paris Correspondent writes: M. Robert Schuman cannot be a proud man to-day. The reception given his speech at the opening of the debate on the European Army was icy. He appeared so conscious of the futility of assurances about Germany that he no longer, strictly speaking, gave any; on the contrary, he rather tended to stress the risks and the dangers of the European Army (1952 model), and asked, a little plaintively, whether Parliament would really be rash enough to "abandon a policy that had been pursued during all these years." He hoped it would not; for the alternative was much too terrifying. "Our Allies," *i.e.*, the U.S., would then simply "turn to dangerous and adventurous solutions."

All this was meant to suggest that the European Army was merely a "lesser evil"—not a very proud claim. The thin applause was confined to a few odd Socialists and a part of the M.R.P., M. Schuman's own Party; and when speakers from various parties proceeded to express their doubts and anxieties, it became obvious that, whatever the final vote, parliamentary opinion in France was profoundly disturbed by what was happening. At heart nobody was in the least convinced that the European Army *was* necessarily a lesser evil than the plain rearmament of Germany; it was beginning to look too much like mere camouflage for precisely the same thing. There was anxiety over this revival of the Wehrmacht, with the millions of refugees and unemployed in Germany only too ready to provide the initial cannon-fodder; there was also a marked reluctance to enter into a scheme which might mean the final breach between West and East; and, especially on the Gaullist side, there was sharp hostility to the very idea of abandoning France's national army. And for what? The dominant position of the Germans in the European Army now seemed inevitable, if only because they had their officers and n.c.o.s all lined up, while France had the bulk of her *cadres* marooned in Indo-China. M. Monteil (M.R.P.) asked bluntly whether it was not true that the U.S. was quite content to use the French army for "containing Communism" in South-East Asia, and to give the leading role in the defence of Europe to the German reactionaries, "least European of all Europeans."

But Washington is in a hurry. It is believed here that Mr. Acheson is alarmed lest the French Parliament limit M. Schuman's "scope of compromise" in the coming negotiations, and that the Secretary of State's biggest trump will be the warning to France that concrete results must be achieved before the middle of March, when Congress will start examining its foreign aid programme, now known as Mutual Security. In other words, "no European Army, no dough" seems to be the line. Perhaps, as in the past, this line will make an impact on the more provincial type of French Deputy; but it is not certain. Too much is at stake this time. Already it looks as if Mr. Acheson were trying to persuade London and Paris to depart from the "informal" Eden-Schuman agreement of a fortnight ago; and one of the anxious questions asked in Paris is what diplomatic support France can expect from Britain in her resistance to the all-out German rearmament that is most likely to result in the end from the present Acheson "line."

INDIA

After the Poll

A Correspondent in Madras writes: No one expected Congress to do very well in Andhradesa, but it was not thought that the swing over would be to the Communists. Everyone, and especially the Communists, has been surprised at the extent of their victory. The success of Communism is the failure of Congress. Ministers, on visits to Andhra, would give themselves airs, ride round in large American cars, require public addresses to be made to them and large gatherings to be assembled. Congress, too, ignored the obvious food shortages in South India, and when it took action it was unpopular. It put up the wrong candidates—those who had been the subject of charges of corruption and who had not been cleared of such charges. It was overconfident, and ignored the woman voter. The Communists helped themselves by going out to every village and speaking to every voter, by being on hand at the polling stations and helping voters to perform what was, to many of them, a difficult task. The problem now is how to form a government in Madras. Various non-Congress Parties, including the Communists and the K.M.P. are meeting this week to see whether any common programme can be formulated as the basis of a possible common front. The Communists have already stated that they stand for a minimum wage, for the fight against corruption, and—a very significant point—for "linguistic States." In other words, the Communists seek an autonomous Andhra State. This was one of the issues in the Election. Congress speakers were evasive on this point and lost a great many votes as a result. In the all-India voting, Congress has won an absolute majority in the House of the People, the Lower Chamber of the Indian Parliament. The latest totals in this election of surprises are:— Congress, 257; Independents, 32; Communist Party, 14; Communist supporters, 12; K.M.P., 10; Socialists, 5; Jan Sangh, 2; Hindu Mahasabha, 3; Miscellaneous, 35. Contests not yet decided, 123.

WESTMINSTER

End of a Coalition?

Our Parliamentary Correspondent writes: The Commons debate on foreign affairs, which began the day before the King's death and will be resumed on Monday week, was asked for by the Opposition largely to give the Prime Minister a chance to justify the course of his discussions in Washington. Genuine alarm is felt on the Labour benches lest Mr. Churchill, in his eagerness to win applause from a substantially MacArthurite Congress, has abandoned Mr. Attlee's policy of restraining the U.S. from the excesses of those influential groups who are seeking war with China. Moreover, there is real doubt about what Mr. Churchill did agree to. Not only are there notable differences between his speech to the Congress and the brief, emasculated statement he made to Parliament on his return; but there is the awkward fact that every responsible Washington authority interprets the visit as indicating a substantial change in the British position.

Just what that change is Labour members feel they have the right to know, but Mr. Churchill apparently finds difficulty in coming clean. To the general surprise he refused to open the debate, leaving it to Mr. Eden to furnish the House with the information which should have formed the subject of discussion. Seldom has Mr. Eden appeared more uncomfortable; and when he came to deal with the new Far Eastern commitments, which Britain may or may not have incurred, he was saved from humiliation only by a well-timed, if inelegant, loss of temper. Mr. Attlee's intervention was searching and angry. It was directed largely against the Prime Minister. Other Labour spokesmen took the same line, and at the end of the day the Opposition tabled a motion of censure directed against Mr. Churchill in person.

There is no doubt that the Opposition is severely critical of the whole course of the Washington talks and of the P.M.'s inexplicably discourteous manner in dealing with legitimate doubts. Government back-benchers, too, judging by their expressions during Mr. Eden's speech, are not entirely happy. They have few qualms about giving Mr. Churchill a blank cheque for his commitments to the Pentagon, but they are in closer touch with popular opinion than their leaders are, and they realise that a change of policy towards China will need more selling to the public than the Prime Minister's equivocal utterances have yet made possible.

It seemed certain by the time the first day's debate had ended that the second would provide real fireworks. Mr. Churchill could scarcely avoid opening, and whatever he said after the attacks which had been made on him would be bound to sound defensive. Then Mr. Morrison was to move the motion of censure and, lest he should leave the House in any doubt about the feeling of back-benchers, Mr. Bevan had made it known that he was proposing to follow. The Coalition on foreign policy would surely have disintegrated in that explosion. And rightly, as a Labour back-bencher was heard to remark sourly, because if bi-partisanship in the last two Parliaments had depended on Labour's continuation of Tory policy, the Tories must now follow Labour if they expect the same freedom from censure. Whether the atmosphere of tension will be recaptured after the interruption depends on other factors aside from the merits of the matter. The Tories are hopeful that a bitter debate will be avoided out of considerations of good taste. But even a muffled clash will not conceal the fact that something has happened to dissolve the honeymoon of the last six years.

Last Chance in Korea

WITH most of the military issues disposed of, the Chinese have now asked what follows the Korean armistice, if it is signed? Last week they demanded that a high-level conference should be held, within three months of the signature of the armistice, to discuss a final peace settlement, including the withdrawal of foreign troops; and they added that such a conference should deal with "other matters relating to Korea." Those other matters, it may be assumed, include the future of Formosa, American recognition of the Peking Government and its admission to the United Nations.

No one should underrate the difficulties which these issues raise in the U.S. All last winter Mr. Truman and Mr. Acheson were striving for an armistice, in order to refute the Republican contention that the Korean war could only be liquidated by accepting General MacArthur's proposal to bomb the Chinese into unconditional surrender. Week after week, as the Korean talks dragged on, their position grew weaker, and they were induced to make more and more concessions to MacArthurism. In this period of negotiation, Acheson must always have known that the Chinese would never concede a truce unless it was followed by a peace conference. But how could a Democratic Administration negotiate a peace treaty with "the Reds," without exposing itself to the charge of rank appeasement? How, in particular, could Acheson agree to put Formosa on the agenda?

What the Administration would really like, of course, is a truce without a peace conference. This would enable it to withdraw the twelve American divisions at present locked up in Korea without "appeasing" the Communists. But Peking is most unlikely to agree. After all, Mao Tse-tung reads the news; only this week Mr. Dulles, from his vantage point in the State Department, has repeated that it is America's aim to destroy Chinese Communism with the aid of Chiang Kai-shek. Why should the Chinese Communists assist Mr. Dulles to carry out this plan by permitting the American army to withdraw from its awkward predicament in Korea? The least that Mao can demand as an earnest of America's peaceful intentions is a peace conference; and the louder Mr. Dulles' support for Chiang Kai-shek and a war of liberation, the more firmly will the Chinese insist that Formosa be included on the agenda.

There is one way out of the impasse. But its viability depends on Britain. So far, despite Mr. Churchill's escapade in Washington, the British attitude to the Korean war has been cool and consistent. Despite constant American pressure, we have stood for the limited objective of defeating aggression in Korea; we have refused to de-recognise the Chinese Communists, and we have maintained Mr. Attlee's refusal to allow our ships to act with the American seventh fleet round Formosa; it is this which, ironically, now justifies the Chinese argument that Formosa is a "related matter." Now is the moment when this policy of restraint could bear fruit, if only Mr. Eden can restrain Mr. Churchill. The Foreign Secretary certainly appreciates that it is politically impossible for Mr. Truman to permit Formosa to be added to the Conference Agenda: if that conference is to be acceptable in Washington, it must be limited to Korean issues only. On the other hand, he must also see that Chinese agreement to such a limited conference involves a major concession of principle; indeed, if Mr. Dulles gets his way, it would actually expose the Chinese mainland to attack by the American forces withdrawn from Korea. If the Chinese, therefore, are to concede a limited conference, the Americans must make an equally real concession, and they will only do so if Britain takes the initiative.

That initiative should take two forms. In the first place, Mr. Eden should sternly protest to Mr. Acheson against the bellicosity of Mr. Foster Dulles and Mr. Kimball. Secondly, he should propose that Britain and America should give an unequivocal assurance that, once a Korean peace settlement is signed, the "other related issues" will be included on the Agenda of a second Conference to be convened immediately by the U.S.A., Britain, France, the Soviet Union and Communist China.

Unless Mr. Eden is prepared to take this initiative, the chances of a truce are remote. In the interrupted Foreign Affairs debate, Mr. Eden assured the Commons that he and the Prime Minister are resolutely opposed to the spread of the Korean war. If they are, they now have the opportunity to aid a harassed American Administration by making a proposal which Mr. Acheson may not be able to put forward, but can hardly refuse when it comes from London. By announcing the British compromise, without waiting for American approval, we still have a chance to prevent a breakdown of the truce talks and the spreading of the war. Probably it is the last chance we shall get.

No Settlement Wanted

PANDIT NEHRU has again made it clear that India has no thought of resorting to force in the Kashmir dispute. India's forces have been reduced and the chance of frontier incidents lessened by the withdrawal of troops well behind the cease-fire line. The war-like mood has also subsided in Pakistan. Some months ago it was directly encouraged by some Conservative newspapers in England. Possibly the enthusiasm to support a Muslim invasion of Kashmir has waned since, in Persia, Egypt and beyond, the Arab and Muslim peoples show signs of being loyal to themselves rather than to us.

Prospects of a settlement seem equally remote. The path of wisdom seems to be for the United Nations, which may claim much credit for preventing a war, now to leave comparatively well alone. Sir Owen Dixon, the last but one U.N. mediator, only differed from other students of the Kashmir situation in frankly saying that the alternatives in Kashmir are partition or war. Kashmir has never been a unit except in the sense that it happened to be ruled by a single Maharajah, and the partition has been a fact ever since, in 1947, the Poonchis succeeded in driving out the Maharajah's Dogras, and the Indian Army managed to stop the tribesmen and save Srinagar from the fate of Baramula. The mountain areas were incorporated in Pakistan; Jammu became part of India and the Vale of Kashmir fell consequently into the strong hands of Sheikh Abdullah. This partition became a fact whose recognition has been delayed because, while the dispute is before the United Nations, neither India nor Pakistan dare withdraw their purely legal argument in favour of owning the entire State.

No solution seems likely in the near future because it is not to the interest of the principal parties to the argument. Who wants a settlement? Not, we suggest, Pakistan, whose rulers are fortified by the nationalist and anti-Indian temper which results from the Kashmir dispute. The Premier of Pakistan must fear both war and settlement. The first would be obviously disastrous: the second would compel him to turn his mind to such difficult matters as making a constitution for Pakistan, modernising its economy and meeting the demands of progressive people for social change. Where would the Pakistan Government be if it no longer had a grievance against India?

India, firmly opposed to war, has no clear reason to want a settlement. Nobody takes seriously Delhi's legal claim to the whole of Kashmir; the prize is the Vale in which Sheikh Abdullah is now securely ensconced. India would welcome discussions with Pakistan about the further reduction of forces, since India spends far more than she ought on military preparation. But Delhi will maintain an army somewhere and has no objection to stationing it in Kashmir. From this point of view the confusion about the Devers Plan is unfortunate. Dr. Graham, the present imperturbable and persistent U.N. mediator, seemed likely to succeed in lessening the tension by this demilitarisation plan. Who exactly is responsible for publishing a version of the plan which the Indians had not seen, after they had agreed to an earlier version, we do not know. The result is temporarily to damage Dr. Graham's prestige in India, but it would be foolish to imagine that if the Devers Plan had succeeded it would have taken us far towards a settlement. None of the more difficult questions was solved. There is not even agreement about whether a plebiscite should be held for the whole of Kashmir, or whether separate plebiscites should be held in the different parts of the State. The truth is that neither India nor Pakistan has ever shown the least readiness to accept a plebiscite on conditions which involved any risk of giving the other legal title over the Vale.

Finally, what of the people of Kashmir? Once their interests are considered paramount, the *status quo* becomes increasingly attractive. The desire of the people of the Eastern and Northern mountainous areas of Kashmir to belong to Pakistan is beyond question. But in Jammu and the Kashmir Vale we doubt if anyone seriously believes that the people would be

better governed than they are now by Sheikh Abdullah. He is passionately anxious to improve the miserable lot of the peasants and craftsmen under his authority, and because Kashmir is most in the public eye and the competition for popularity is greatest there, land reform is progressing with giant strides in Kashmir. The people of Jammu and the Vale therefore profit by the indefinite protraction of the present indecision. Muslims and Hindus benefit by a patriotic Kashmir Government which has an equal interest in improving the conditions of both Muslims and Hindus. Sometimes the path of wisdom is to cast a blind eye on legal uncertainties, and tacitly admit that the best solution is no solution.

London Diary

It has long been known in the Labour Movement that for three hours in 1945 Mr. Dalton believed that he was Foreign Secretary and Ernest Bevin that he was Chancellor of the Exchequer. It has also been suspected that Mr. Attlee's decision to reverse these two appointments was in deference to the views of the King, expressed when the Premier submitted his first Cabinet appointments just before he left for the Potsdam Conference. The story has been referred to in the British press in the last few days, and told in some detail in the *New York Herald Tribune*. Its particular interest is not so much in speculation about whether post-war events would have been different if Dalton and not Bevin had argued the point with Molotov after the war, but rather in the light it throws on the powers and influence of the monarchy. We can guess, but only guess, how the King came to disapprove of the appointment of Dalton, who had been Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs in the MacDonald Government, 1929-31. What we know is that the King had the right to give advice to the Prime Minister, before a final decision had been made. Therefore, if the story as told is true, the King did nothing for which he could be reproached when he told Mr. Attlee, before having the list of appointments submitted to him, that he would prefer Bevin to Dalton. If Attlee had insisted the King would have had to give way. It is beyond dispute that, if the Premier does not defer to the King's advice, the King has to bow to the Premier's decision.

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Sometimes American politics soar into sheer fantasy. I notice, for instance, that General MacArthur claims his dismissal was secured by the British Foreign Office "because he refused to make the pound sterling the medium of exchange in Japan!" According to an Indianapolis publisher, Eugene C. Pulliam, MacArthur told him this tarradiddle in an interview last October. Better still is the latest piece of nonsense from Senator McCarthy. He says that he knows no better way to bring Communism to the U.S. than to follow the recommendations of Mr. Keyserling, the eminent Keynesian who is the President's chief economic adviser. He adds, by way of good measure, the story of a renegade Communist who claimed that Keyserling had the "right feelings" towards the Communists, and supports this by the word of an "unidentified" witness who reported Keyserling as a C.P. sympathiser! This witness ingeniously added that Keyserling was opposed to turning the U.S. into a Communist State "through force and violence," since this objective could be better achieved by wrecking the nation's economy. I now suppose that, by the principle of guilt by association, all the Keynesian economists who have presided over the greatest industrial boom in American history are really secret Communists working for a depression. This kind of idiocy would be less depressing if McCarthy were likely to be defeated this autumn. But I notice that the one Wisconsin Republican who could have challenged him closely has decided not to compete, and that the Chairman of the Republican Party is publicly defending McCarthy as the "victim of persecution" by the President.

* * *

Anyone who was adult in the Twenties will remember the influence of Norman Douglas's *South Wind*. The lineal descent is from Peacock to Mallock, through Douglas to Aldous Huxley and then down to Evelyn Waugh; the *genre* is civilised, disillusioned, ironical comment conveyed in what is conveniently but loosely called a novel. No one shall pull the wool over our eyes, say these writers; we are not to be "had" by sentiment, fine phrases or pretence that human motives are noble or that human society is moving on to some pre-ordained splendour. We will have some fun showing you what it is like. If we are going to write an excursus about Christians being thrown to the lions, we will read up all about imperial arenas and Christian doctrine and martyrs. We will consider any biological evidence about the taste of lions; but we will leave it to less sophisticated writers to describe the suffering or applaud the heroism of the victims, while we turn back from our learned digression to describe the elegant promiscuity of the well-bred people who are the proper study of the novelist. Norman Douglas was quite capable of ragging his own erudition. Some years ago I was presented with an exquisitely produced volume of improper limericks which was annotated by Douglas with the full *apparatus criticus*. Neither Porson nor Housman could have complained of the style of the comment on the textual authenticity of the current version of the *Young Man of Cape Horn*.

* * *

I do not doubt that every sensible person in South Africa hopes that the decision of the South African non-White organisations to start a campaign of passive resistance on April 6 may not end in fresh violence. But in that case cannot the sensible people do anything to restrain the Nationalist Government from its provocations? Its notion of meeting the rising wave of violent crime in some of the cities of the Union is not to tackle the social roots of crime, but to make whipping compulsory! Hitherto, whipping as a punishment for certain offences (including housebreaking, now rife on the Rand) has been imposed at the discretion of the courts. Mr. Swart, the Minister of Justice, has now introduced a Bill to make such whipping compulsory. Yet its failure as a deterrent is already demonstrable in South Africa. The number of whippings imposed by the courts has risen steeply since the Nationalist Government took office. The *Johannesburg Star* of January 31 quotes figures which show that the number of offenders whipped in 1948 was 2,975, but 4,092 in 1949; and since then the numbers have apparently continued to grow. In 1947, 24 persons were flogged with the cat o' nine tails, but 89 in 1948 and 128 in 1949; and all of these were non-Europeans. In 1951, 123 offenders were flogged with the cat. If whipping were a deterrent, crime should be growing less. But the reverse is happening. The Minister of Justice told the House of Assembly on January 28 that "there had been an increase of 17,083 crimes on the Witwatersrand between June, 1950, and June, 1951." The Minister of Justice is apparently impervious to these facts.

* * *

The "management" has on the whole been pretty good, though the officiousness of some police in preventing journalists and others hearing the reading of the Proclamation moved a *Manchester Guardian* correspondent to one of the best explosions of studied wrath that I have read since the death of Nevinson. Similar misunderstanding took place at Sandringham where a hundred journalists or so were gathered on the day after the King's body was moved into the church. They found to their dismay that an order had been given by Sir Harold Campbell, the equerry in waiting, that the Press was barred, though casual visitors could enter. The matter was the more absurd because reputable journalists who had been in the district for days were recognised and stopped; while the only correspondents who could get first-hand descriptions were those who, by chance or design, arrived for the first time that afternoon and, personally unknown to the police, were free to enter the church as part of the general public.

CRITIC

RESURGAM

"Let France be warned—her fate has been decided,
Bound to the Germans, alike in peace and war—
French opposition is dangerously misguided
German revival the world shall not ignore. . . ."
We have heard that before.

"Bonn will endure no checks or prohibitions,
Bonn has a price for seeing Europe through,
Bonn has no more territorial ambitions
After uniting the Fatherland anew. . . ."
That sounds familiar too.

"France must erase all propagandist slanders.
Were Germans Nazis?
The Reich has changed since then.
Germans will sit with Europe's high Commanders,
Bonn's Wehrmacht Generals are
honourable men. . . ."
Must we hear that again?

"Bonn's inequality will not be tolerated;
France unsupported will never save her skin.
German pretensions are not to be debated,
Germany's patience will soon
be wearing thin. . . ."
This is where we came in.

"Let France beware—the victor must surrender—
Bonn holds the whip-hand,
plays the master-stroke.
Germany arises, Democracy's defender!
Germany is marching! One Fatherland!
One Folk! . . ."
So Hitler spoke!

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.
Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

A smartly dressed Englishwoman stepped from the train at Milan and, without a word, slapped the guard, the stationmaster and her porter.

The woman, who gave her name as Eleanor Florence, thirty-eight, of London, told police yesterday that it was a protest against "the cold reception given by everybody here."—Report in the *People*. (Dr. R. Klein.)

Another influence may also encourage air travel. This is the readiness of people of limited means to take modest holidays abroad now that they can be sure that friends and acquaintances will not be staying, to their embarrassment, in more expensive hotels in the same resort.—*Sunday Times*. (W. N. Shoesmith.)

With the approval of the headmaster, Mr. C. S. Walton, boys of University College School, Hampstead, started "Hymn Pools" on the lines of a football pool. Winners had to forecast hymns that would be chosen for morning prayers on 10 successive mornings.—*Daily Telegraph*. (J. Goodman.)

Dr. L. F. Richardson has attempted (*Nature*, Sept. 29, p. 567) to foretell the result of the arms-race by means of differential equations.—*Nature*. (H. Rose.)

The Primary Child

III. New Schools for Old?

There are several reasons why Coventry is a good place to look at trends in education. In spite of Lady Godiva, Coventry is really a new town, bursting at every seam from its Victorian decorum, probing into the countryside in every direction, housing (or failing to house) a restless but growing flood of skilled workers and their families, and trying at the same time to make good the ravages of bombing which cost, among other things, about 4,000 school-places. No matter what native superstition may believe, there is easily detectable in Coventry neither civic culture nor the amenities of tradition: the city is an ugly and half-painted backcloth to huge and clamorous factories, and, for the moment, little more. Here, if anywhere, education may hope for a new start, uninhibited by lack of space or vested interest in property and tradition.

And Coventry, in this sense, has seized its opportunity with both hands. The little children who are lucky enough to live within the "catchment areas" of Coventry's new primary schools (and nine of them are now completed, apart from three Temporary schools and one Roman Catholic Primary) can enjoy physical conditions for their schooling that are probably as good as any in the world. That is a big claim, no doubt: but then these schools are dazzlingly good. Some of them are built in steel and concrete sections, and some of them (with a great saving of labour) in aluminium, being put together from prefabricated parts supplied and erected by the Bristol Aeroplane Company. All of them are the product of a generous and intelligent study of the conditions that children need in order to profit most from their time at school. They provide warm well-lighted classrooms and assembly rooms, good kitchens, lavatories and cloakrooms, plenty of space for exercise and the use of "visual aids," and a style of building and decoration that stimulates interest and keeps out the weather. They reflect credit on the City Council (which Labour has held since 1937), on the Education and Architect's Departments, and indeed on practically everyone.

These new primary schools and others that should follow them are the first stage in a building programme which is balanced on the secondary side by the ten Comprehensive Schools that Coventry hopes—but not with much confidence—to have completed within the next ten years. Any full account of Coventry's education programme would have to dwell on these Comprehensive Schools: for the purposes of this inquiry, it is enough to note that local energy has gone some way towards breaking the back of overcrowding and deficiency in primary schools, and towards transferring the problem—an enormous problem—to the secondary schools. If this "secondary" programme could be carried out by 1962, Coventry might reasonably claim to lead this country in education.

But the rulers of Coventry would be the last to suggest that all was well with their primary system. More than most cities, Coventry has achieved some improvement in the *form* of primary education, in the physical environment: even in Coventry, there remain many primary schools where wicked conditions flourish as before. Such is the case with any of the more progressive Authorities, no matter where you look. Hertfordshire, for instance, has built no fewer than 45 primary schools since the end of the war, and some of them are quite magnificent. And yet the effort is not nearly good enough. It is certainly not enough to support the belief, dear to some propagandists, that the children of England and Wales are being given a far better chance than their fathers and mothers were. Thanks to overcrowding, the general trend in physical conditions is for the worse. To set against this, however, there does seem to be a general improvement in the *content* of primary education, in the attitude towards children of teachers and even in the attitude of parents towards schools.

Let me cite the case of Miss Malone. Long condemned but still in daily use, Miss Malone's school provides a refuge for 240 children of the slums of one of our bigger industrial cities. Miss Malone's case-book is the kind of document which ought to start revolutions. Three-quarters of her children, she estimates, have "histories." Many of their parents spend periods in gaol; most of their homes are savage broken places where Father, all too often, beats Mother or else deserts her for a friend who is known, by strange *pudeur*, as "auntie." Patricia, aged nine, continually wets herself: she was locked in every night, Miss Malone discovered, because Father and his "auntie" liked to go out every night, and had the use of no indoors lavatory. Miss Malone's school nurse suggested to the "auntie" that at least they might buy a bucket. She sent a message to that effect by word of young Patricia. Came the reply: "Go and tell nurse to buy her own damn bucket."

"And what happens then?" I asked Miss Malone.

"Oh, I don't get that sort of answer very often. Not any longer. I have 'em up and I talk to them."

Now Miss Malone is not a brawny self-assertive woman with a strong right arm: she is shy, tender, self-effacing, and it took the Chief Inspector a long time to persuade her that she was really "good enough" to run this school. Miss Malone is a living example of the truth that teachers matter more than buildings, and that neat judgments about English education are likely to be misleading. She is also one of the reasons why this country produces far fewer juvenile delinquents than its social conditions would lead one to expect, and why the skimping of money on education is not so immediately disastrous as it deserves to be. What Miss Malone gives to her work is something that the Budget does not pay for.

Joan—says Miss Malone's case-book: *Continually late. One of fourteen children, one more expected. Sleeping eight in a room . . .* Would you expect her, asks Miss Malone, to arrive on time? But for all the handicaps—and on the day I was there the few lavatories were all stopped up, so that "I've had to ask the children not to go if they can help it"—the atmosphere of this school is warm and welcoming. Not to use too strong a word, it is an atmosphere of love. "What else can you give these children? They're all 'deprived,' you know." Their desks are small and handy tables are arranged about the room in little groups: their lessons are full of fun and games: their classrooms are alight with interested chatter, and even with—believe it or not—rapt and willing attention. A snivelling urchin who has come without a handkerchief—his father is in gaol and his mother at work—is not cursed but kissed and told to *try* to bring one tomorrow . . . "But if only the Council would give me a store cupboard," says Miss Malone, "or a few shelves for books."

At this point in the argument, as at many others, it becomes senseless to talk of education within a purely educational framework. The drive for new schools by Coventry's City Council and the delight of Coventry's teachers in getting these schools, just as much as the patience and love and solid sound sense of Miss Malone, depend for their ultimate success on a factor that is largely missing among the English. This factor, supreme above all others and governing all the others in the last resort, could be expressed in several ways: briefly, it can be called the failure of the English to endow the years of learning with an urgent and generally understood importance. The Scots and Welsh stand far better in this respect: the English, for the most part, still seem to regard education for the people as an extraneous imposition, an extravagance, even a waste of time and of money. A society deeply disunified within itself has produced an indifference and even a contempt for learning which time and time again defeat the manliest of individual efforts at improvement, and which, in our day, are greatly worsened by most of the media of public entertainment.

Let me go outside the primary framework for a moment and describe one of the very few Secondary-Modern schools where the head teacher has taken the Act of 1944 at its word and tried to open the way for his pupils to further education—to genuine equality of status with the grammar-type schools. He is, let me insist, a rare exception, for the claim that Secondary-Modern schools provide what is traditionally regarded as "secondary education" is nearly always eye-wash and often downright dishonesty. But this head teacher, by hard work and determination, has performed the miracle of operating a comprehensive time-table: he has filled every corner of his space, and every hour of his staff, with separate teaching groups, and he is able to offer his children the chance of taking the General Certificate with a good hope of passing it. He has chased out American comics. He has trained a good rugger side.

Last year he succeeded in persuading the parents of one boy to stand the cost of keeping the boy at school for an extra year (from 15 to 16): this year he began with ten boys who were to sit for the General Certificate. Last month he had only one of these left, for the parents of the others had taken them away. By leaving at 15, after all, the boys could be earning £4 10s. a week in helping to make motor cars. . . . "I've argued with them, I've shouted at them, I've started a

school magazine, I've even invented a uniform for the boys. . . ." But the parents of these children will not listen. When they are not indifferent to the advantages of learning-for-living as distinct from learning-for-earning, they tend to write off their children as having failed at school—since they failed to pass the "scholarship" to the Grammar school at ten-plus—and as therefore being better away from school.

The argument reaches too far for my space. This head teacher has a fine conception of his duty, and is fulfilling it finely. There is nothing more that he can do. But the problem is too big for the means at his disposal. And the problem, clearly enough, will always be too big until we have resolved and removed this rooted English distinction between a mass intended for artisan activities and nothing else, and an élite selected by money and by middle-class prerogative. Any serious consideration of trends in English education is bound to note that the supreme factor of social cohesion and social interest in education is lacking to-day as much, or almost as much, as it was lacking in the past. The "Board school boy" could raise himself by his bootstraps: so can the primary child to-day. But the odds against the child, as far as the general educational system is concerned, are not really any lighter than they used to be.

BASIL DAVIDSON

What Use is U.N.?

THE Sixth Assembly of United Nations is over, and it now seems certain that the Seventh Assembly will meet in New York. Soon the vast temporary structure of the Paris U.N. will be pulled down, and many will no doubt say: "Was it worth all the bother and expense?" Most of those who followed the proceedings at U.N. since November agree that it was. The Sixth Assembly has produced practically nothing, except the highly doubtful Disarmament Commission; and yet, it was a profoundly significant Assembly, for it reflected the state of world opinion as nothing else could have done—except for the unfortunate absence still of a substantial part of the world. As the Swedish delegate observed, Europe, with only 16 out of 27 countries in U.N., is badly under-represented; China is outside U.N.; and the Soviet proposal, towards the end of the Assembly, to admit in a block at least 14 countries, some sponsored by the West, others by the East—including Italy, Ireland, Portugal, Hungary and Rumania—was defeated, at the insistence of the U.S., with France and the U.K. abstaining. In the circumstances it was scarcely surprising that the Russians vetoed the solitary admission of Italy. This did not deter Mr. Ernest A. Gross (U.S.) from prophesying how angry the Italian people would be with the Russians. In reality, the Italians, while protesting to Moscow, have not made a secret that they are also fed-up with American unwillingness to compromise, on the highly debatable ground that countries like Rumania and Hungary cannot be admitted to U.N. "so long as they have not shown sufficient friendliness towards the U.S.". In short, the great principle of Universality, to which Mr. Eden paid tribute in his famous speech before the Assembly in November, has certainly made no headway since then.

It was hoped, for a few brief days, that the next Assembly might meet in Paris, and not in New York, but this met with the strongest opposition from the U.S. delegation. In private, however, most delegates admit they would have preferred Paris. To most of them, it is nearer home, it is still a little cheaper than New York, the food and wine are better, but, above all, perhaps, many of them feel less inhibited here. There's a real, or, at any rate, imaginary air of liberty in France which they don't have over there.

Among the more striking impressions made by the past three months, the chief perhaps is that neither Russia nor America is pleased with this Assembly. Although, in the main, the U.S. still commanded, at decisive moments, its "mechanical majority," a large part of it voted with growing reluctance and with many mental reservations; and there were times even when not only Arabs and Asians, but also some of the Latin-Americans "ratted" on Washington. On other occasions, even when the U.S. won a formal victory—as, for instance, over the 100 million dollar "Mutual Security Act," with its thinly disguised attempt to organise sabotage behind the "curtain"—the comments in the lobbies were anything but polite; and it must have been distressing for the U.S. to see its attempt to substitute in effect the Collective Measures Committee for the Security Council watered down to nothing by a shower of amendments. It was also humiliating for the U.S. to have to get the Assembly to vote 16 times—with a lot of hanky-panky going on between each of the votes—before its Greek candidate was finally elected, against Byelorussia, to the Security Council.

The Americans were continuously conscious, too, of the extreme distaste on practically everybody's part towards its *protégé*, the Kuomintang delegate, who only as recently as last week got himself tied in knots with his stories of what Chinese troops were doing in Eastern Burma. Nor was the U.S.A. much satisfied with some of the votes on a number of Soviet proposals; thus, several African and Asian countries supported the Russian proposal for the withdrawal of all foreign troops from Korea, and even the proposal for a Big Five Peace Pact. However, on major questions of peace and war, the U.S. finally always had it its own way. It was this which, towards the end of the Assembly, made the Russians strike notes of the most desperate gloom. Before leaving Paris, Vyshinsky's parting words were that the Assembly's decisions "had brought war nearer," while, a few days later, Malik announced that "the Third World War had already begun."

How seriously can all this be taken? There is no doubt that the Russians came to Paris in the hope of not returning to Moscow empty-handed. At first, after Acheson's sharp and uncompromising speech, Vyshinsky had snarled in his most offensive way; but after that he started producing a big peace plan of his own.

At the suggestion of three of the Moslem countries, a Big Four sub-committee was then set up, and it produced a Disarmament Commission, which is to meet in New York shortly. But its terms of reference were scarcely suitable from the Russian point of view; its main basis was to be the Western proposals, and it was not until the middle of January that Vyshinsky made a number of far-reaching concessions. He no longer demanded the unconditional prohibition of atomic weapons, but agreed that these should be prohibited only after the machinery of continuous inspection had been set in motion. He also demanded that a World Disarmament Conference meet on July 15—"there's plenty of time to prepare for it." Although it must be said that Vyshinsky's concessions, and the whole, rather desperate, tone of his speech made a considerable impression at U.N.—above all, his warning that the world was about to rush headlong into war—the Western powers refused to be unduly ruffled, and merely proposed that the Russian atomic control proposals be referred to the Disarmament Commission, and not be discussed by the Assembly at the present stage.

No doubt there were a lot of gaps in the Vyshinsky proposals. What about conventional," as distinct from atomic weapons? What exactly did the phrase "non-interference in the internal affairs of the country in question" mean in connection with the "continuous control" of atomic production? Still, the prevalent feeling at U.N. was that, in the midst of gigantic Western rearmament, the U.S. was not really in a mood to embark on long-winded disarmament discussions which might only lessen its allies' zeal to rearm. The Disarmament Conference on July 15 was dismissed as just "another piece of Soviet demagogy." But was it? And were not Vyshinsky and Malik so bitter about it all because the failure to achieve anything positive in Paris by way of disarmament might mean that Russia's last chance of avoiding full-scale rearmament (and the conversion of most of her industries to military needs with a consequent fall in living standards) had now been lost? For on the effectiveness of the Disarmament Commission there are no great illusions.

A subject that gave rise, towards the end of the Assembly, to discussion of grave importance and almost unequalled acrimony was Korea. In his November speech, Mr. Eden had expressed the hope that U.N. would concentrate on some limited, but valuable objectives, such as helping to bring about the end of the war in Korea. (Or so, at least, his references to Korea were widely interpreted.) Yet the U.S. would not have Korea discussed at any price, by the Assembly, or any of its Committees, or by the Security Council. On January 12, Vyshinsky exclaimed: "You keep telling me that we only have to tell the Koreans and the Chinese to stop the war; my reply is: 'You only have to tell Ridgway the same thing.'" Did this imply an offer? In any case, it was firmly decided by the West that U.N. should on no account deal with Korea—either with the military side, on which it was "not competent," or with the political side which, it was claimed, would only confuse the issues and retard the cease-fire negotiations at Panmunjom.

As a matter of fact, opinion, even amongst the Western delegates, was very divided for a time on whether U.N. could help in bringing about an armistice in Korea. What finally clinched the matter was that (and I am here quoting an important Western delegate) *when the question seriously arose of U.N. discussing the Korean armistice, the American military at Panmunjon vigorously protested against any such possibility, and "threatened to pack up"*; it was all, they said, a technical problem—airfields, prisoners, etc.—which could only be dealt with on the spot. This suited the U.S. delegation perfectly. And so great can be the power of persuasion that there were some who now felt that U.N. had already interfered with Korea more than enough, and had in some mysterious way sabotaged the "successful" armistice talks. Thus, Mr. Selwyn Lloyd said on February 2 that these talks should be allowed to go on "without this vicious atmosphere of vituperation." And he added: *"They would have been concluded long ago without this debate in Paris"*—an assertion he would no doubt have found exceedingly hard to substantiate.

The Russians, for their part, were extremely violent during the last few U.N. debates. They claimed that fearful atrocities had been committed by American troops, and that that was why the U.S. would not have Korea discussed at U.N.; they said that the American soldiers knew perfectly well that the armistice now depended en-

tirely on the U.S. Command; but then General Van Fleet had declared only a few days ago that the Korean war was "a blessing." And now, they said, Dulles was building up a Jap-Chiang aggressive bloc, and a full-scale war was being prepared against China, "with Churchill roped into the insane venture." In Cassandra-like tones Malik declared that the U.S. would be responsible for the extension of the war in the Far East, and said that the Third World War "had already begun." The U.S. delegate snarled back, and Sir Gladwyn Jebb even discovered a "Georgian" problem in the U.S.S.R.—which seemed a little gratuitous—to which the Russians screamed in reply: "Want to get your troops back to Baku, do you?"

It was in this poisonous atmosphere that the U.N. broke up. No doubt, the Russians had received some consolation from the wobbliness of America's "mechanical majority," and from the formation, in the course of this Assembly, of a kind of "anti-colonial" Third Force, which sometimes voted with the U.S., sometimes abstained, and sometimes even joined up with the Soviet bloc. The discomfiture of France over Morocco and Tunisia, and the general outcry against South Africa, naturally pleased both the Third Force and the Soviet bloc greatly. The latter, though defeated on all major issues, no longer felt as lonely and helpless at U.N. as before; and the Russians, to all appearances, continue to value U.N. as about the only important point of contact they still have with the outer world, and one where the balance of power may gradually move more in their favour. On the American side, there has been, correspondingly, a growing dislike for U.N. Hence, for instance, the illogical refusal to admit new members, lest they improve the Russians' voting strength even slightly. But, above all, among most of the West Europeans, as also amongst the Asian and African "Third Force" nations, there remains a strong conviction that the "talking shop" serves its purpose if only as a strong psychological brake on any acceptance of the inevitability of war.

Paris, February 9. ALEXANDER WERTH

Land Budget

THERE are some 37 million acres of land in England and Wales which are apportioned roughly as follows (the figures are pre-war): villages, towns and roads, 5 millions; cultivated land, including marginal grassland, 25 millions; forest land and rough grazings, that is wild, uncultivated land, 7-8 millions. The number of people living in this area is some 43 millions, which means that, next to Belgium, England and Wales constitute the most densely populated area in the world. Tightly pressed as we are, it is obviously incumbent upon us in a special degree to use our land to the best advantage. We ought, you would suppose, so to budget our land that all the different claimants for its use receive their fair share of satisfaction. Do we do this?

A tightly pressed industrial population such as our own has two over-riding needs, the one bodily, the other spiritual. The bodily is for food; the spiritual, for occasional escape from people and houses into solitude and natural beauty. The second need was officially recognised by the Labour Government and provided for in the National Parks Act. The intention was that in selected areas the values of natural beauty and of solitude should over-ride all others. The implications of the Act were thus twofold; first, that our limited resources of land should be planned and utilised to the best advantage; secondly, that among the claimants to these resources—industry, housing, roads, aerodromes, mining and quarrying—the claim to recreation and the enjoyment of natural beauty should be included. More positively, the Act said that in certain special areas this last claim should be paramount. Let me emphasise the word "paramount." It means, I take it, that *in those areas* nothing should be permitted, neither industry nor electricity, neither gunfire nor bombing nor quarrying, to interfere with—I see no way of avoiding the horrible word—amenity. For neither beauty nor solitude can be quantitively measured. Put a power station in the middle of a lonely, hill-enclosed valley and dam its lake, and you will not have diminished beauty by so much: you will have destroyed it, substituting for one kind of environment another, useful perhaps, trim, efficient, functional but emphatically not beautiful. To this principle we all, I think, subscribe, recognising that it provides a necessary safety-valve for the expression of that side of our nature which urban civilisation tends to suppress—a safety-valve of which a whole generation in the form of ramblers, hikers, youth hostellers, climbers, campers, cyclists, scouts and guides have learned to make increasing use.

In pursuance of these ideals, Snowdon was established in 1950 as one of the first National Parks. In 1951, the B.E.A. put forward eight schemes which, it was alleged, would, among other things, bring electricity to North Wales. The schemes ranged from the Conway Valley through Snowdon to the hills behind Aberystwyth. The schemes envisaged seventeen new power stations, 22 dams, 23 reservoirs, 80 miles of tunnel, 40 miles of hillside canals or leats and 4½ miles of exposed steel pipelines. The power stations were planned to be some hundred feet long, and seventy feet high. For further details I quote from an article by Julian Huxley contributed to *Country and Travel* which now, alas, has ceased life as an independent journal.

> Among the sites for power stations are these: at the foot of the Ogwen Falls, up Cwm-y-llan, on Llyn Gwynant, on Llyn Dinas, at Pont-aber-glaslyn, below the Fairy Glen, below the Precipice Walk near Dolgelly, and near the top of Plynlimon. Coming down to each power station there will be overland steel pipelines (diameter, say, three to ten feet, and sometimes two or three in parallel), bringing down the pressure water from tunnel or reservoir into the turbines. Tunnels, which must have a minimum diameter of some seven feet and which may be as large again, will produce many hundreds of thousands of tons of hard rock-spoil; some of the points for such "tips" will be under the Devil's Kitchen, up Cwm-y-llan, by the Conway Falls, at Aberglaslyn, and up the glens of the Mawddach. The leats, or hillside canals, coasting round the mountain sides on a level contour, will have 75 feet of overall width between their wire fences; at intervals they will be bridged for passage.
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> The power stations will be linked to each other by 132 k.v. lines on tall steel pylons; probably lower-tension cables will loop in and out, on a different set of poles, at different heights and angles. And outside each power station will be open-air transformer compounds with switch-gear and all the other unavoidable disfigurement of these accumulations of unseemly apparatus.

Further details are given of the natural lakes which will be dammed, of the artificial reservoirs which will be created, of the waterfalls which will be drained to dribbles, of the new hard roads which each high-level dam and power station will entail. It is now estimated that the period which the scheme will take to complete is between 25 and 30 years. In December last the B.E.A.'s interim proposals were presented to Parliament in a Bill covering three schemes (Festiniog, Maentwrog and Dolgarrog in the Conway Valley), due soon for its second reading.

It was to be expected that such far-reaching proposals would arouse opposition. Ramblers and cyclists have met to protest; a meeting sponsored by eight open-air organisations was held in the Birmingham Town Hall; the North Wales (Hydro Electricity) Protection Committee (acting for the Standing Committee on National Parks, the C.P.R.W., the British Mountaineering Council and representative Committees specially set up in Birmingham and Liverpool) is actively campaigning against the Bill, as also are the Caernarvon and Merioneth County Councils. At the meeting in Birmingham it was explained by an engineer who had at one time worked for the B.E.A. that the scheme would not necessarily bring electricty to North Wales. The problem of electricity in Wales is a problem, not of production but of distribution. That is to say, whether the inhabitants of North Wales get electricity does not depend on the building of new "hydro" schemes, but on the laying out of new distribution networks. The effect of the Snowdonia schemes, if they go through, will be to put intermittent power at peak periods into the industrial grid in some 25 years' time when conditions may well be quite different. It is for this that, unless something is done to stop them, one of those great public authorities who bid fair to arrogate to themselves the powers and privileges of feudal lords is proposing to ruin hundreds of square miles of some of the best scenery in England and Wales.

Secondly, food. We import at least half our food from abroad. It costs us more and more. A world which daily sees 70 thousand more mouths to feed, and sharply rising standards of life in the food-producing countries, is not going to starve itself to feed Britain. The need to grow a greater proportion of our food at home is, therefore, all too obvious; and in these circumstances it is not surprising that farmers should be bombarded with pleas, commands, to produce more food. It is, however, in these same circumstances that, in a lecture recently delivered to the Royal Society of Arts, Dr. Dudley Stamp estimated that, if the present rate of land sterilisation continues, there will be withdrawn from cultivation in the next twenty years an area of open farm land larger than the combined surfaces of Berkshire, Buckinghamshire, Oxfordshire, Hertfordshire and Bedfordshire—2½ million acres. Even Government Departments, he said, admit to proposals to sequester 750,000 acres, equal to the whole of Berkshire and Bedfordshire. Point was given to this remarkable statement by the figure of 50,000 acres subtracted annually from food-producing land, given by Sir James Turner in his address last month to the Annual General Meeting of the N.F.U. In twenty years' time, if the present rate of encroachment continues, "fertile land," he said, "equal to half the wheat crop or all the potato crop will be lost."

Comment on this situation is superfluous. It is more pertinent to ask what can be done. The chief offenders in regard to Britain's land are Government Departments and public authorities which appear to exemplify and observe the principles of *laissez-faire* even more faithfully than the entrepreneur manufacturers who covered the Midlands and the North with slums, slag heaps and factories in the nineteenth century, or the builders who brought out the Home Counties in a pink rash in the years between the wars. Under the Town and Country Planning Act powers were taken—or so most people believed—to curb their activities. But when it is a question of proposals to put power stations in North Wales, to take farm land in Berkshire for reservoirs, or downland for a bombing range, there appears to be no effective restraint in practice.

Is there nobody in the Cabinet who is ready to say "No"?

C. E. M. JOAD

ALUMINIUM

ADORNED with rubies and sapphires from the Mogôk mines of Burma this Shan woman prepares her food. These jewels and the common clay of her ornate bowl are but a few of the many minerals containing aluminium. Though first isolated in 1826, it was not until 1886 that its production became commercially practicable. Most of the world's aluminium is now produced by dissolving an ore named bauxite in molten cryolite, a mineral obtained from Greenland, and passing an electric current through the solution. In combination with other metals such as magnesium or copper, aluminium forms light alloys, some of which, though only about one third of the weight of steel, are just as strong and do not rust. The famous statue of Eros in Piccadilly Circus, one of the earliest large aluminium castings, shows no signs of corrosion after 40 years' exposure to London smoke. One of the largest factories producing wrought aluminium and its alloys in the form of sheet, strip and extrusions is the I.C.I. works at Waunarlwydd in South Wales. These go to help in the production of all manner of finished articles from saucepans to aeroplanes, scaffolding poles to ashtrays, motor car parts to egg cups.

ICI

The Arts in America

I. Native or Eclectic?

"He had a houseful of Rubens and Raphael and pictures like that," someone was saying in a New York restaurant, "and he hired a man to play the organ and sat there in a big armchair reading the *Saturday Evening Post*." Who it was I did not catch, but that odd picture of a connoisseur stands for one element in the situation of American art. The millionaire collections are installed, the museums are filling, Duveen is dead and Andrew Mellon's portrait hangs in the lounge of his National Gallery of ancient masterpieces at Washington. In Philadelphia, Gallatin's modern pictures gather public dust. To Baltimore Museum of Art the sisters Cone have given their unrivalled series by Matisse. Picasso joins El Greco in the Chicago Art Institute. And so on. There are enough of the other world's pictures in America to educate American art historians—her painters, too, if painters can be educated that way; and her public.

The situation, certain large differences apart, is like that of England at the end of the eighteenth century. Propagandists then raised the flag for English art and the support of English artists; and spoke against the collector who still bought from overseas. As an American, though, you can accept one of two recipes for American painting. There has been a thin stream you can call "native." You can distinguish between expatriate art—say of the strong, exquisite Mary Cassatt or of Whistler—and the art which was home-bred more or less, or which dealt at least in home subjects, from Bingham picturing boat crews in a Mississippi haze to Winslow Homer and Thomas Eakins and several realistic landscape painters of charm, such as J. F. Kensett, who died in 1872.

You can rightly applaud the exhumation of such home-bred painters, as in the Karolik Collection, now at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, or in the new American Rooms of most other museums. A clever historian in the Fogg, in the rare atmosphere of Harvard, may turn from Sassetta to protest that if such pictures are history, they are not art. It is a minority protest, about as irrelevant as some English views of Stubbs or Turner. But if you are a jingoist, and that is none too uncommon in the new America of loyalty oaths, you can step outside good sense. In a somewhat Russian way, you can proclaim as an absolute standard the anything-but-unAmerican art of Grant Wood, picturing farmers in Iowa. It has been done. A none too sensible art critic congratulated the University of Iowa on appointing Grant Wood its painter-in-residence. He flayed modernism as toadying to Europe. He was sharp against all expatriates who are or have ever been out of the Bingham-Homer-Eakins-Grant Wood line. He thought that America to-day was "developing a School of Painting which promises to be the most important movement in the world of art since the days of the Italian Renaissance." In part, but only in part, this is our own cleavage over again—Munnings against the rest. Indeed, a few weeks ago City Councillors of Los Angeles savaged an exhibition of abstract art. It was "sacrilegious" and "abnormal." Worse and different, it was "unAmerican."

I prefer the other recipe for American art, if not the results. It is to swallow (without digesting entirely) all of European modernism and then to evolve from it an all-American counterpart. In the U.S., academics and art-lovers once kicked as violently against Post-Impressionism and its sequelae as art-lovers did over here at the time of Roger Fry's celebrated exhibitions of 1910 and 1913. Cézanne, Matisse, Picasso, Brancusi and others were exhibited in 1913 at the 69th Regiment Armoury in New York. On the whole, and in spite of Los Angeles, that tremendous scorn provoked by the Armoury show has died away. There are perhaps more real, certainly more superficial, converts through America than there have ever been in Great Britain, because America is still like the lady in the film who opened her arms wide to Groucho Marx in the name of the women of Freedonia. She is still receptive of ideas and novelties. Outside McCarthyism, give everything, everyone, a chance. A narrow culture, Moholy-Nagy wrote, when he was in Chicago, planning a new Bauhaus, but what possibilities! Others may doubt his optimism, but of this receptivity the obvious symbol in the arts is the sleek Museum of Modern Art, a step off Fifth Avenue, wealthily caparisoned and as appropriate to the American scene as skyscrapers in Dallas poking out of limitless farm land.

This winter I have been to five large exhibitions across America, in the Metropolitan in New York, the Art Institute in Chicago, the City Art Museum in St. Louis, the Denver Art Museum under the Rockies and, out on the coast, the San Francisco Museum of Art. Abstract painters were dominant in each one, though their abstractions might be oddly titled and oddly mixed with symbolism and expressionism. For the National Competitive Exhibition at the Metropolitan, there were submitted 302 paintings from the South-West, 623 from the West Coast, 639 from the South, 1,018 from the Middle West, and 3,666 from the East. Heaven knows how many artists altogether there are at work in the United States. It has been put at 20,000, and I would guess that the number of out-and-outers, modernists of one stripe and another, must be one in twenty. Quantitatively staggering. Qualitatively? I do not know if a standard ratio could be worked out of good to bad in any country, if one could say how many bad artists are required for one good artist. The quality seems to me as low as you might expect from the numbers, even lower. In spite of all the painters, all the exhibitions, and all the museums which are open to such painting (most of them—which explains a good deal—controlled neither by state nor city), the impact of modernism seems to me still much on the surface. In Great Britain forty years have affected all manner of objects outside the gallery or museum—advertisements (compare advertising in the Tube with advertising in the New York Subway), books, fabrics, furniture, display technique, electric fires or radio and television receivers. But the scrolled cabinets of the newest American television sets or radio sets look like primeval English discards in a junk shop. And I gather that paintings are more talked about and stared at than bought.

The genetics of art, sociologically, may not be so mysterious as we imagine. They are a game of long odds. Tradition, time, and some homogeneity of culture are demanded. Most living Americans may be native born, but haven't they all been forced into a cultural eclecticism? In a sense, hasn't each one of these Americans of diverse European and extra-European origin or descent abandoned an ancient birthright without acquiring one yet which has a validity? They are interrupted humans. Entirely different the way a European has in him the uninterrupted sequence from the Quattrocento, from Byzantium, indeed from Greece, Egypt, Sumeria, even the Palæolithic arts. In literature, America's chief art, things have been otherwise; interruption has never been absolute, and the medium is an English only slightly altered. In painting, how instructive to turn to the more homogeneous societies of Latin America! Mexican painting of the last forty years has more to give, even the Cuban painting of less known artists such as Amelia Pelaéz, Fidelio Ponce or Wifredo Lam. Fertilised from Europe, Mexican or Cuban painting still fits more with the light and character of its environment. To-day's modernism in America, usually hard, strident, jagged, appears indifferent to these things, as if it were painting according to notions of an art, not to compulsions of sensual experience. Yet such realists of the last century as Kensett or Eakins responded to American peculiarities of light and form—to the curious lead blues, for instance, of its continental waters and skies. They felt—and composed—their colour. Also, swallowed among the millions of a unique experiment in mixed migration, the welding of which is still grossly incomplete, cultured minorities are less influential and more confused than their counterparts in Europe. If we as well have such a vast new bureaucratic middle class as the Columbia sociologist Wright Mills describes in *White Collar*, America's "bureaucratic world of organised irresponsibility, in which the difficulty of speaking one's mind in dissent has increased" is more developed. It weighs more grimly against depth and authenticity in the arts of any kind.

Geoffrey Grigson

To the Island

It was business that brought me to Berwick in winter; it was curiosity that took me to the Holy Island of Lindisfarne; and it was with considerable difficulty that I got there in December. People in Berwick looked surprised at my inquiries, and said it was not easy; I could go when the tide was out. "If you see Mr. M—, the hairdresser, he'll fix it up for you. You have to have a taxi." A taxi? Can't I get there in any other way? "No, no, you have to have a taxi." But, I persisted, what do the inhabitants do when they want to come over? "They have to get a car, miss." But what did they do before they had cars? "One or two of them kept a horse and trap. I believe there still is one. But now most of them have got cars." But don't they walk? "They can—in the summer when it is warm and they can paddle—but it is too cold now. It's three miles, and there is quite a lot of water."

I gave up the battle against the taxi and went to see Mr. M—. He was between cuts when I tentatively opened the door, and a row of children waiting for a trim eyed me with a blank indifference. He removed the sheeting from his last customer and turned to me with the charm and grace of another age and another generation. Yes, he said, I would have to take a taxi. Ordinary cars did not go across because the salt-water and the sand ruined them. The people of the Island used old cars for the job. I wanted to go to-morrow? He paused to look up the tides. It would have to be early, he said. If I caught the eight-thirty bus to Beal, the taxi would meet me and take me across. The taxi would cost eighteen shillings—he watched me shrewdly—and the bus fare would be a further one and three. And I would be back to catch the four-thirty bus at Beal. It could not be earlier because the taxi would have to wait for the tide to go out again before it could get back. I pocketed my ticket for the journey with a distinct feeling that somehow I was being "had on," that there must surely be some other way of getting to Holy Island in December.

I know nothing of cars, but the one that met me was old and loud—loud, I learned later, because the exhaust had had to be removed owing to the depth of the water; old because it is the

last job before the scrap-heap, and one at which cars survive only about a year. We set off towards the sea slowly and noisily, over the level crossing, past the cultivations on the edge of the sea, and across the three-mile stretch of still flooded sands. The driver, with a beret on his head and a look of the sea in his face, answered my questions as he drove; he was guided by poles and an instinct born of the place. What did the people do? I asked. Fishing, he said, fishing and farming. The farming extended to about five hundred acres, the fishing was mainly crab and lobster.

When I looked round the Island it seemed a very small five hundred acres. The fishing, they told me, had declined; there were only twenty men fishing now, where there used to be seventy. An old fisherman I spoke to blamed the Labour Government and the rise of prices. Twine that had been five and six shillings was now twenty-five shillings a ball; rubber boots, once a pound, were now five; a waterproof jacket, previously five shillings, now cost two pounds. He took his old weatherbeaten face away from his spy-glass for a few moments to tell me that a hundred pounds' worth of gear had been lost last month in the heavy seas, that it cost too much to replace it, that tax was "killing it," that only the other month they had had to dump crabs in the sea because the price was so bad. Among all this I asked him if he thought it would be better now with Mr. Churchill back, but he seemed too old to care any longer.

The fishing and the farming did not appear sufficient to support this village of about five hundred people. How did they live? It was different in the summer, they told me. People came from a long way to see the Holy Island, with its priory remains and its Elizabethan fort jutting up on a rock to seaward. At that time of the year buses ran daily from Berwick; at the sands, coaches stopped and local taxis waited to take visitors across. Almost everyone in the Island caters for these visitors with teas and meals, accommodation or cars for hire. It is a short season, of which the most has to be made. When it is over the inhabitants remain, a friendly people with a word for a stranger in winter and a quiet pride in the Island's history and antiquity.

The village itself is clustered together at the pointed end of the egg-shaped Island; the farmlands behind it merge with the dunes, the dunes with the sea. The old fishermen's cottages huddle on the rim of the village; bigger, more substantial houses line the streets, standing with their front doors on the roadway and no gardens. There are three new modern houses, built since the war for the Coastguards; and there are several shops and inns. There is a telephone exchange, and Calor gas is used in the bigger and newer houses. Water is still fetched from a single tap that serves the village, but a new supply is being bored for, and piped water may soon be available. There are about thirty children at the village school, where a few years ago there was over double that number; scholarships are rare—not, I was told, because the children aren't intelligent, but because of the difficulties of teaching a small group of such varying ages—but for those that gain one it is school at Berwick.

Time means little change in Lindisfarne. The old church, with no doorway towards the village, looks across the sea as it had done for eight hundred years. As I left in my taxi—persuaded now of its necessity—a tractor pulled a plough up a curving headland with a cartwheel of gulls crying, diving, plunging behind it. But modern methods seem to have made little difference to the spirit of the Island.

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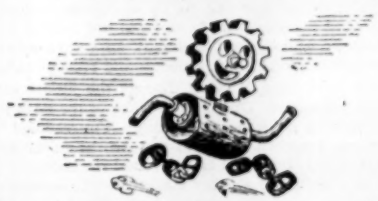

SPEED THE STEEL

Issued for the STEEL SCRAP DRIVE by the British Iron and Steel Federation, Steel House, Tothill Street, London, S.W.1

S.22

Hurray, I'm Reading

JONATHAN, who is six-and-a-half, started school only this September. Before that, on account of the age limit, he was doomed to his third year at kindergarten; six months in England, and two and a half years in Israel. The kindergarten in Haifa was run by the Organisation of Working Mothers, the women's branch of the Histadruth. The children stayed there until 4 p.m., getting their meals and their afternoon rest. This may be common in other countries, but it is exceptional in Israel.

They learned an astonishing variety of things at this kindergarten. The stories and dances and songs were so extensive in variety that I can only imagine that they were taken in by absorption rather than by a direct process of memory. Every religious and national holiday was celebrated by its attendant festivities. We didn't have to teach Jonathan the Four Questions at Passover. He learned them at kindergarten. He also became very meticulous about the proper welcoming of the Sabbath, although this kindergarten belongs to the "Workers' stream," which is usually considered to be non-religious.

The children lived a sort of jungle life of their own, with a sorely learned code of behaviour, such as monkeys might have. I could only learn from casual clues dropped by Jonathan during his special times for being confidential—in the evening, when I was getting him ready for bed, or when I had a late Saturday morning and he snuggled in beside me.

Once he seemed worried. "Shmulik said that God will demolish me," he told me. "You know better than that," I told him. "You know that God loves little boys. When anyone tells you that God will demolish you, you just laugh at him."

"Shmulik said you haven't got a nice face," Jonathan confided further, determined to get it all off his chest. That one couldn't be laughed off. "If anyone says anything rude about your family," I told him firmly, "you knock him down!"

(I shall probably have the Teachers' Union on my head, but that is the advice I always give to Jonathan. Not that I expect him to make use of it, but because I suspect that he won't.)

"Do you know what the boys say at kindergarten? They say that the way a baby gets into his Mummy's tummy is like this: the Mummy draws a picture of a baby on a piece of paper, then she swallows the paper."

"And what do you answer when silly boys say things like that?"

"I tell them 'You're crazy!' Mummies would get worms if they did that."

Jonathan used to tell me about the other children. The name of "Leah" began to crop up.

"Who is Leah?" I asked.

"Leah is a friend of mine. When the boys lock me in the lavatory, she brings teacher."

"Do you help her too?"

"Oh yes. When she bites their hands, I kick their feet."

My heart warmed to Leah, and I was glad that my son had such an able ally.

Then Leah left for school, and Jonathan acquired another girl friend. Her name was Dror, and she was only three years old. Jonathan used to call her "That li'l Honey Dror." And she was a honey. I don't know how long this had been going on, but I first learned about her when we were walking along the street one day, and a plump, pink little girl with black curly hair and shiny black eyes approached us with her Mother. She ran up to Jonathan and threw her arms around him, both of them exclaiming with delight at this wonderful meeting, though they had already been together most of the day.

Not long afterwards Jonathan began to go through a period of tantrums and naughtiness. We feared that the rather aged and severe kindergarten teacher was having a bad effect on him. Then we found that it had nothing to do with the teacher. The fact was that Mosheh, a blond, self-assured fellow inmate of the jungle, had won the affection of little Honey Dror and, what is more, had declared war on Jonathan. We made a very nice plastic necklace for Dror, and things returned to normal. But not for long, because Jonathan went to school and is dedicated to higher learning now.

Some weeks before school started we received a list of Jonathan's requirements. He and I went out and bought them with a little girl from the third grade, who knew the ropes. From that moment Jonathan developed a most serious and responsible demeanour. Often, instead of coming for a walk with me, he would retire to his room with a look of patient martyrdom, to do arithmetic. That meant copying out numbers from a book. Instead of being away from home until 4 in the afternoon, he would come home at 11.30 in the morning.

"Jonathan," I said to him, "now that you will be home in the afternoon, I hope you are not going to disturb us."

"What!" he exclaimed; "A boy who goes to school wouldn't disturb anyone!"

I told him that he was a clever little boy and wouldn't have any trouble with his lessons, but the only thing that might get him into trouble with the teacher was his habit of interrupting when grown-ups were speaking.

"I won't," he told me. "When the teacher is speaking, I'll just talk to the other boys."

By the time September 3 arrived, we were almost beside ourselves with excitement. I somehow saw Jonathan as a little worm standing before a big, juicy apple. At most he could gnaw only a little path through it, but there it was, intact, waiting for his first nibble. The nibble was more like the onslaught of a swarm of locusts. Fortunately, the educational system for beginners here is geared for just such appetites. They don't waste time learning letters of the alphabet. They get straight on to words and sentences. The first day Jonathan came home with a little envelope containing cards. On each card was written a word that he had learned that day. There were seven words. In one order, they spelled the words "Who Is Clean?" The card with "Who" on it could be changed for a card with "Dog" on it or "Dan" or "Mother" (a very short word in Hebrew). That evening he played word games, and the next day had more word cards, and so on. These words were also written on big cards and hung around the school room, together with objects illustrating them, until a child could probably recognise them standing on his head.

At the end of a month, Jonathan came home with his first reading book. And what was in this important publication? All the words and sentences and pictures that the children had become so familiar with during the month. Like old friends Jonathan greeted each sentence and each picture, and never tired of going through the little book just once more. On the back cover of the book is written in big letters: "Hurray! I'm reading!" When Jonathan comes to that bit, he raises his voice in a shout and capers round the room.

I don't know whether Christopher Columbus's mother was alive when her son discovered America. But if she was, then I know exactly how she must have felt.

ANITA ENGLE

The Arts and Entertainment

WERTHER AND MATHIS

EVEN with Jean de Reszke and Emma Eames in the leading parts, *Werther* has never had a big success in the English-speaking world. The fault is not in the music, an attractive example of Massenet's graceful talent, but in the drama, which is too slight and too damp to provide an exhilarating evening. Massenet's three librettists were respectful to Goethe, more so than Messrs Barbier and Carré in *Faust*; but their material was more intractable. Whether any librettist could have transferred Goethe's semi-autobiographical novel to the musical stage without the loss of all that makes it literature is doubtful. In vain do we remind ourselves of the youthful poet and Charlotte Buff, of *Sturm und Drang* and the Age of Sensibility. On the stage, the lovers are just lovers; we are looking at one of those coloured postcards in which a limp and soulful young man murmurs "Je pense toujours à toi, chérie," while Chérie herself simpers, top left, in a nostalgic cloud of cigarette smoke. The plot is meagre. Act I: Boy loses Girl. Act II: Boy mopes. Act III: Girl mopes too. Act IV: Boy shoots himself, collapse of Girl. To the French Sunday matinée public it still seems adequate; the rest of the world has found it thin. And so poor *Werther*, with all its charm and delicacy of touch, gets only an occasional airing before being returned as unsaleable to the international operatic warehouse.

All the same, nothing is sillier or more short-sighted than our English tendency to stick to a round dozen cast-iron successes, letting the rest go hang, and I strongly advise the adventurous opera-goer to take the rare opportunity now offered by Sadler's Wells; at any rate, he will find the opera a nice change from *Wozzeck*. The flavour of *Werther* is certainly mild, but it is not insipid, for Massenet had a spontaneous lyrical flow, besides immense dramatic skill and experience. The incidentals of his opera are delightful. The domestic milieu (faithfully preserved in the settings of Ernest Stern and the production of Dennis Arundell), the flock of carol-practising children, the lightly sketched figure of the Bailiff, their father: these elements are combined with considerable art into a musical picture which is always unobtrusively right. How perfect, in its small way, is the ending of the first act, when night draws on, the sounds of the little town die away, the moon rises and the cellos begin their song of contentment while Charlotte and Werther return from the ball. The second act, outside the church, is musically the weakest, and we get rather too much of that pair of topers, Johann and Schmidt; but the third act is surely one of the masterpieces of French romantic opera, with Charlotte's admirable letter-reading aria and the affectionate intimacy of her subsequent scene with Sophie, carried on over one of those "conversational" themes in the orchestra of which Massenet (like Tchaikovsky) possessed the secret. Again, those who know "Pourquoi me reveiller?" only as a popular tenor solo will be surprised at the effect it makes in the theatre, when Werther turns away from the harpsichord with a volume of Ossian in his hands; this is perhaps the one moment when Goethe's hero has not been quite supplanted by the conventional operatic lover.

I must add that this scene was finely sung and acted by Rowland Jones, who previously had not always succeeded in projecting his tone freely into the house, and in the last act was defeated by Massenet's long-drawn-out death scene. Marion Lowe, the Charlotte, and Marion Studholme, the Sophie, were also at their best in Act III. It is quite true, and must be accepted, that many phrases which sound natural and easy in the original fall awkwardly in English. Yet this unpretentious piece was a good choice for Sadler's Wells, and James Robertson brought to Massenet's score a freshness and simplicity which

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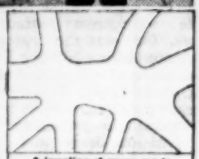

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were decidedly lacking when last I saw it at the Opéra Comique with a popular Canadian tenor bawling his head off in the big moments.

Though Hindemith is a thoroughly professional composer, his *Mathis der Maler* shows less instinct for the stage than Massenet's opera. The recent B.B.C. concert performances were rather monotonously handled by Clarence Raybould, and we shall presumably get a better idea of the work when it is staged at this year's Edinburgh Festival by the Hamburg State Opera. The composer has based his libretto on the life of the painter Mathias Grünewald at the time of the Peasants' War, and he poses the question—a burning one for a German in the Thirties—how far an artist should concern himself with the political struggles of his age. By a paradox, the active and energetic Hindemith is most effective in the ideal and contemplative passages, notably in the visionary scene in the Odenwald and in the very beautiful final scene when the aged master, his work now completed, sadly packs away the tools of his craft; whereas what one might call the Meyerbeer aspect of the drama—religious strife, plots and counterplots, love thwarted by politics, and so forth—seems to have embarrassed him and led him into a densely businesslike style, in which he is capable of maintaining an unbroken rhythmic pulse (usually common time or six-four) over excessively long periods. The two female parts, though given some beautiful music, seem by-products of an essentially masculine subject; but Elsie Morison, in the smaller part of Regina, sang with such purity and tenderness as to make each of her appearances memorable.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

RADIO NOTES

THE best thing about the B.B.C. emergency arrangements last week was their air of stunned improvisation, which gave a more adequate impression of good taste than a highly organised switch-over could ever have done. A change in programmes was certainly correct and desirable. Even Wednesday's silence, though in some ways a wasted opportunity, and certainly a deprivation to people such as the blind and the ill, could on these grounds be justified. But what followed had the failings of an unneeded compromise. Some things were good—the serious music, reporting, ceremony; some were inexplicable. The Third Programme, which no one can accuse of levity, was banned completely for the whole ten-day period—Masses, Cantatas and all. *Schools* programmes were sensibly restored on the Thursday; *Listen with Mother* not until Friday, along with *Woman's Hour*, *The Archers* and *Mrs. Dale's Diary*, and later, on all three wavelengths, Reg Pursglove and Harry Davidson made light music. None of these, as it happened, reflected the national mood; Friday's episode of Mrs. Dale, in fact, which was concerned with the arrangements for an elderly comic servant's honeymoon, had to my unaccustomed ear a frivolity that bordered on farce. Not that this is a cause of complaint in itself. But it does not justify a single service being the order of the day.

Earlier in the week, on the Monday and Tuesday, there were two extraordinarily good programmes. One was the centenary feature on Thomas Moore (*Blame Not the Bard*) which was written and narrated with a kind of intense loving hate by H. A. L. Craig. This "portrait" seemed to me an example of radio at its best, uniting into a single design (as no other medium does) biography, criticism, drama, and living illustration of the music and poetry; though it is true that Mr. Craig's audacious imagery needed Mr. Craig's Irish voice to make it as effective as it was. "Mr. Moore converts the wild Irish harp into a musical snuff-box," declared Hazlitt. Mr. Craig set out to explain how; giving, *en route*, a brief and sharp analysis of the relation of words to song, of folk song to politer music, and managing to work himself up, in doing so, into a fine state of exhilarated anger at his subject. But by a sort of Irish paradox, the greater the rage and scorn of the critic, the more chance the poet Moore (speaking and singing too in the voice of Cecil Day Lewis) was given to answer the attacks. The assertion, for instance, that the words of the *Melodies*, when apart from the tunes, are not poems at all, is hardly just (though it is a sad fact that, as with Byron's verses, the haunting opening lines lead nearly always to an ending that is flat and disappointing). But then, at the next moment we are out of the Regency drawing-room and seeing how Moore, an independent Romantic, contrived to point the path for Yeats. Of course, the songs themselves, beautifully sung, were as apt a centenary tribute as any.

The other was *Titus Oates*, an account of the "Popish Plot" of 1678, written by Jane Lane and produced by Nesta Pain on the Home Service. Judging by the average historical chronicle and not having glanced at the name of the producer I did not expect anything so terse, vivid, adult and engrossing as this turned out to be. The sneering drawl of Oates (Alan Wheatley) not only suggested slyness, malice, arrogance, hate, but gave in the Court scenes and elsewhere the needed impression of taking time to think when a particularly teasing question was posed. The concluding idea was brilliant—a psychologist's report (by Dr. Alexander Kennedy of Durham University) on Oates and on the hysterical support this brutish dull pervert had from the public. To-day, Dr. Kennedy suggested, as he compared Oates with the informer in the Hiss trial, and drew an analogy with the witch-hunt atmosphere in present-day America, the narrative of Oates might have been a best seller—*I was a Jesuit Spy*.

NAOMI LEWIS

THE MOVIES

"Secret People," at the Odeon
"The Way Ahead," at the Academy

The appearance of *Secret People* marks a double event. Simultaneously with the film comes the book of the film, a book telling exactly, from first to last, how the film was made. This has never before (so far as I know) been attempted in detail. Cocteau's *Journal d'un Film* gave a day-to-day record of Cocteau making *La Belle et la Bête*, Cocteau finding inspiration, Cocteau with boils: it was not in any sense a film annotated like a musical score. Such a score is provided by Mr. Lindsay Anderson's *Making a Film* (Allen and Unwin, 16s.). The right order of conducting this experiment—if you're interested, as I think more than a few will be—is to see the film first and study the score afterwards; then, if you like, visit the film again, with an eye open for points. Will the time come when earnest cineasts will never go to the pictures without a torch and a text?

The film I found stylish, thoughtful, and just a little disappointing. Mr. Thorold Dickinson's previous film, *The Queen of Spades*, created surprised respect for a director who already had behind him *Gaslight* and *The Next of Kin*. Three years have elapsed since the success with Pushkin, an interval during which reputations can soar dangerously high. Mr. Dickinson hasn't on the evidence of his new piece, grown with our imagination: on the other hand, he certainly does not let us down, though this seems to be the impression conveyed by most of the notices I've read. The theme of *Secret People*—and it has a theme as engrossing as its plot—is that we contain an inner personality, quite opposed perhaps to the outer, which events may bring out. The daughter, for example, of a man murdered under a dictatorship, may easily be led into giving help to a revolutionary movement which plans to assassinate the dictator. Suppose, though, the bomb kills an inoffensive waitress by mistake? Maria (Valentina Cortesa—a touching performance) hands the deadly cigarette-case to an accomplice; there it lies under the unspeakable man's chair, but he gets up and walks away; the "accident" with its impact on a loving nature follows. This is one of the best scenes, as it is the turning point, of the film; a garden at night dotted with tables, two clowns amusing the guests, impose the darkness that will be split by a white flash. The girl may escape suspicion, but not the frightfulness to which she has lent a hand. Her lover (Serge Reggiani) is implacably vowed to destruction.

I won't tell the whole story, which is resolved on the screen with an emotional emphasis that on the whole tells, while muffling particular points. The difficulty has been to scotch the thriller, and handle the plot; old Oppenheim dies hard. There is a tendency to escape into incidentals, and some of these—the impressions of the Paris Exhibition, for example—are among the most brilliant moments. One scene, with the lovers talking by a window and a train going by below, suggests to me that Mr. Dickinson intended all along an enhanced naturalism which he has only partly succeeded in realising. *Making a Film* seems to support this view.

How much Mr. Anderson has managed to cram into his book: an account of the film's genesis, a day-to-day record of planning and shooting, the complete script, test sheets (with misprints), sound scene reports, scene schedules, full credit titles, musical themes, and a map of Ealing Studios. A model of the Paris quays engages the film-makers in off-moments; Mr. Joyce Cary (in and out at an earlier stage) pays them a visit; two Chinese extras are introduced, and we learn that the coloured extra is paid a guinea more a day than the white; Mr. Anderson hangs about, uneasily bewitched, in a world of Christian names, big finance, lights, and endless professionalisms that don't always coalesce. It was bad luck for him that the film didn't prove to be quite a winner, but the value of his book remains.

The revival of *The Way Ahead* brings back one of two or three best among our war films; and our pleasure in seeing it again is not lessened by the fuel it will provide for argument. Has Mr. Carol Reed, in growing bigger since, got better? Is the fanfaronading of third man and odd man out an advance on the quiet, alert, efficient humanity displayed here? It's a fairly open question.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

VARIOUS EXHIBITIONS

SO many contemporary paintings based on fantasies owe what little power they have to their negative effects; one feels that their vision is different only because it is wilfully odd—not because it is the result of some overpowering discovery. The 30 paintings at the Redfern, by the famous Portuguese painter Vieira Da Silva, are an exception. This is proved by the fact that it is impossible to separate the meaning of Da Silva's vision from the way in which she expresses it. Her discovery of the connection between space and time, between perspective and metaphysics, is not just an idea tacked on to the pictures to give them a fillip; it is implicit in every carefully painted square inch. She divides each canvas up into small, sometimes geometric, shapes. These, forming a surface pattern—as it might be of minute irregular tiles—are so adjusted to one another in terms of size, colour and tone, that, as one's eye is led across their pattern, it is simultaneously led *through* it—down the corridor, past the casement windows, between the strings of carnival bunting, to what would normally be a vanishing point; there, because one has never in fact lost touch with the original mosaic, one picks up another interlocking line of colour, comes immediately back to the surface proper, and then starts off again. It is rather like the process of weaving; one's eye constantly dashing like a shuttle through space in order to return in a slightly different position on to the emerging flat pattern of the cloth. Da Silva's art is very limited and one can find obvious influences; the point is that she deals imaginatively, exquisitely and comprehensibly with something of which we are nowadays particularly aware—"the structure" of speed and space.

Downstairs are some paintings by Miss Barns Graham. Beautifully turned and dove-tailed together in cold, peaceful colours, they are mostly abstractions from rock and ice formations. Some

of the forms tend to be repetitive and ambiguous because their anatomy is more imposed than observed. Indeed the real interest of these pictures is in their personal evocation of atmosphere; their geometry really seems to be a form of inhibition.

At the Leicester Galleries are some water-colours and etchings by Merlyn Evans and about 80 oil paintings and water-colours by J. D. Innes (1887-1914). The best of Innes's clear landscapes and mountains are still very enjoyable—even though their colour schemes are temporarily out of fashion. One of the tests of an artist's power of imagination is his ability to carry his vision right through to the smallest forms in each picture. Merlyn Evans in his scrolly Vorticist works is able to do this—(look at etching no. 33). Often, however, his textures and linear divisions are so obsessive that one can't see the wood for the trees, the figure for the segments.

Last week at the Indonesian Embassy there was a one-day show of the Indonesian painter, Affandi. His work is more exciting and moving than any new work I have seen for a long time, and must certainly be exhibited more publicly. At India House, Aldwych, there are some interesting paintings still on show. They include a number of competent paintings by Mr. A. D. Thomas, who is responsible for arranging the exhibition, but I was especially interested in the very telling graphic work of Mr. V. Nageshkar and the oil paintings of Mr. N. Mazumdar. The latter combine Parisian formalisations with a poignant sense of human mystery.

JOHN BERGER

Britten's Second Canticle, at the Victoria & Albert Museum

Perhaps the subject, *Abraham and Isaac*, was suggested by Melville's reference to it at the climax of *Billy Budd*. But the canticle derives from Purcell, from compositions like the great dramatic scena of Saul and the Witch of Endor, *In Guilty Night*. The words Britten has taken from the Chester cycle of miracle plays, and set, as he and Purcell can, to declamatory recitative and arioso which fuse inevitably so that words and music are afterwards remembered as one. Abraham is a tenor (Peter Pears), Isaac a contralto (Kathleen Ferrier); the accompaniment is for piano only (played at the first performance last Sunday by the composer). Like *In Guilty Night* the work, which lasts about twenty minutes, is a miniature oratorio. At the start both voices join in reciting God's summons, in wonderfully effective two-part writing and unison lines which diverge on their last words. Grave recitative is used for Abraham's compliance, and "Make thee ready," "Father, I am all ready," is an affecting allegretto duet. The declamation is vastly varied, compassionate, agitated, awe-filled and tender by turns, now fully accompanied, now *set, secco*, between chords. Sometimes the organisation of the sections is rhythmic, sometimes melodic; in the climax it is based on the piano's phrases (which are eloquent and expressive throughout). "Father, do with me as you will" is a touching and beautiful aria. The envoi, a 6-8 canzonet in free canon, sums up the charm of the setting—written with consummate skill, with not a note out of place nor one too many, and as spontaneous and direct in appeal as are the medieval words. Britten's opus 51 is a masterly work, and affords fresh proof that he is our best vocal composer since Purcell.

A. P.

Margot Fonteyn's Return to Covent Garden

Margot Fonteyn's return to the Sadler's Wells Ballet, after five months' absence with a foot injury, is an important event, since without her the company lacks an example of that superlative standard of dancing, towards which even the humblest member of the corps de ballet should daily struggle. Last Saturday Miss Fonteyn appeared in *Daphnis and Chloe*, a thin ballet, considering the opportunities for style and atmosphere supplied by Longus's enchanting pastoral. Miss Fonteyn was not dancing her best, but even so she was very good. The movement of her limbs, from her beautifully proportioned arms down to her ankles, has a quality of ball-bearing ease, while her toes are able to feel the air as well as the ground with feline sensitivity. Philip Chatfield, as Dorkon, danced with such finish in the contest between himself and Michael Somes (Daphnis), that it seemed hardly playing the game when Miss Fonteyn denied him the prize-winning kiss.

A. F.

"The Same Sky", at the Lyric, Hammersmith

About this play there is less to be said than one had expected. Yvonne Mitchell is among the best of the younger English actresses, and I had illogically hoped that her play would yield the same excitement as her acting. This story of a young East End Jewish girl's wartime marriage to a "goy" is moving but unoriginal, though it does justice to its theme and would be a creditable first achievement for any dramatist. Its chief quality lies in the way in which the author has caught the staccato bustle of the Brodsky household. Thora Hird's realisation of the mother does much to achieve this. Frances Hyland, though her Canadian accent is a hindrance, brings a well-disciplined pathos to Esther. Frederic Valk, looking like a snapshot of the late Lord Passfield, is appropriately broken-hearted as the Jewish father, and John Garley contributes an admirable sketch of a cast-off suitor. Miss Mitchell has announced that she intends to write no more plays. For those who have not yet made such a renunciation, the main object lesson of *The Same Sky* is the importance of having a sub-plot. At this dramatic level, a single situation, however poignant, cannot be prolonged for two and a half hours.

J. N. B. R.

The Irving Review, at the Irving Theatre

Once again Peter Myers and Alex Grahame have had some bright ideas and refurbished several old ones for the 10.30 show at the Irving Theatre. The cast, bright, young and co-operative, dance and sing themselves gaily through a programme which is patchy, but which succeeds in delighting the audiences. Two of them—Betty Marsden and Ronnie Stevens—are old hands at the game and the latter brings off a smash hit in "Square Dance." There are plenty of good cracks directed against film stars, shampoos, tourist agencies and even the *N.S. & N.*

K. M.

Correspondence

THE PRIMARY CHILD

SIR,—Basil Davidson's article rightly shows how national policy has for years, indeed generations, been economising at the expense of education, which has been starved, even in comparison with other social services.

The attention concentrated on the condition of our State schools by the present Government's tragically ill-timed cuts may do some real good if it at least induces those who really care for education to study the actual conditions in which 90 per cent. of our children (*our* children) try to learn.

But Basil Davidson, by confining himself to three central Boroughs of the L.C.C. area (where the proportion of Church schools, 37 out of 54, is far higher than anywhere else in the county), gives an impression not altogether fair to that Authority. One has also to remember that:—

(1) Out of 600 separate school buildings in London, 75 were totally destroyed by bombing, and 143 seriously damaged.

(2) The school population of Local Education Authorities as a whole has risen by 30 per cent. since 1945. That of the L.C.C. has risen by 12 per cent. in excess of that.

(3) In spite of building restrictions mainly due to housing claims, and financial limitations set by the Ministry, the L.C.C. has since the war:—

Opened 27 new primary schools, undertaken 824 jobs of exterior and interior decoration and cleaning of school buildings.

Electrified 230 schools at the rate of one a week.

Provided 40,000 extra places through war damage repair.

It is very doubtful if more could have been done within the limits of our national economic difficulties since 1945. But it is certain that the need now is for pushing on—first of all to reduce classes to a reasonable size and, secondly, to modernise sanitation and other conditions.

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To try to economise still further is criminal. It will do great injury to the country to go on forcing present conditions on the children—conditions which in view of the rising numbers of young children, must otherwise deteriorate. From now on we must spend more on education, not less. Let us face that honestly and boldly. PEGGY JAY

12 Well Road, N.W.3.

SIR,—Mr. Basil Davidson's article on the Village School went straight to the heart of the matter. With Mrs. Cole's letter upon it, too, we are largely in agreement, but we must question her reading of history. Though no one can deny that the Church schools, to-day, are the worst housed and the most black-listed, the reason is not that the Churches "ran up schools of low standard in any and every place, simply in order to prevent the instruction of children in secular or non-sectarian schools." It is that the Churches were the pioneers in primary education, and their schools (we speak only of rural areas) were built many years before there was any question of secular or State education. The National Society for the Education of the Poor in conformity with the Principles of the Church of England, founded in 1811, was the offspring of the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge which had been organised so far back as 1698; Robert Raikes had started the Sunday School movement in 1798, and the British and Foreign Schools Society of the Free Churches dates from 1805. It was not until 1870 that an Education Act supplemented, for the first time, the voluntary efforts of the Churches and private philanthropy by the creation of School Boards and the building of Board Schools.

The novels of that great delineator of the Early and Mid-Victorian social scene, Miss Charlotte M. Yonge, are full of references to village schools, the pride of the clergy and squires and their ladies in their buildings, and the devoted work and supervision that they bestowed on them. Undoubtedly their aim was to produce Christians first and scholars second, and when State education and inspection came in, they fought like tigers to preserve their children from "godless education" and to raise money to bring their schools up to the standards required by the times. With the agricultural depression of the 1890's the rural landowners threw in their hands; they were no longer able to develop and improve their estates, as in the past, and the erection and equipment of schools suffered as did their cottages and farm buildings. Since then, the last half century has shown continuous decline in the wealth and influence of the Church, so that most of the rural schools have never been brought up to date. But the Mid-Victorian school buildings were good according to the standards of their time (they still stand up) and the motives which raised them were not negative sectarianism but genuine devotion and the desire to spread "knowledge and true godliness." It should be remembered that "Time makes ancient good uncouth," and the children of the wealthy were little better housed in their schools, as some of the most famous of them still testify.

We hold strongly that the time has come for the Churches to give up the struggle to maintain and equip their schools in accordance with modern needs, and that they should hand them over to the local authorities. But let us give them the honour that is their due for their great work as pioneers in the field of primary education.

The Red House, C. S. AND C. S. ORWIN
Blewbury Berks.

THE B.B.C.

SIR,—I wish most vigorously to protest against the levity with which the Third Programme has been sacrificed since the death of the King. The "Third" has never been a place for mass emotion either in rejoicing or in grief. It has always claimed with justifiable pride to transcend the immanence of the other two programmes, both excellent in their own way. From the highest of motives it has most courageously resisted the incursions of jarring chimes, interval signals, weather forecasts, signature tunes and, until some time ago, national anthems.

Is it now out of a mistaken sense of decorum to follow the standard set by the other two programmes?

Whatever may be the attitude of the listeners to the "Home" and the "Light"—and I leave it to them to express their own feelings on the subject—I feel the B.B.C. totally misjudges the reaction of a considerable number of discriminating people in the country. LISTENER

UTILITY

SIR,—As an outfitter, doing almost exclusively a utility trade, I would like to make some comments on Mr. Douglas Jay's article.

Mr. Jay seems to be unaware of the fact that within the last twelve months the character of the utility scheme has changed to an extent which makes it non-effective in nearly every respect. This is due to two causes, to the ineffectiveness of price control and to the re-establishment of competitive conditions.

As to the former, until the end of 1950 utility goods were specified by the Board of Trade in great detail and the number of specifications, each with its own letter and number, was ever growing. Not only the B.o.T. inspectors but also the more intelligent members of the public were familiar with specification numbers and prices and could tell at a glance whether or not the article was offered for sale at its proper price. As a consequence, even a not so honest trader felt that it was too risky to take any liberties. At the beginning of 1951 all this was changed and goods with very great difference in price and in quality were scheduled under the same number. To give but one example, all all-wool socks with a wholesale price of anything between 36s. and 72s. are now labelled L 50. An inspector may still be able to trace an article back to the manufacturer and to check the price at each stage, but since there is nothing to arouse his suspicion or that of the customer, the "shop at sly corner" can now safely take any margin which it thinks the article can bear rather than the prescribed percentage.

That this development has led to petty rather than large-scale dishonesty among traders is due to the fact that in general, shortages have completely disappeared and competition amongst manufacturers, wholesalers and retailers fully re-established. Prices are now determined by purely commercial factors and not by the utility schedules. At the present moment credit restrictions have caused a good deal of sacrificial unloading, and as I look at my shelves I can hardly see a single article for which I have paid or for which I am asking the full utility ceiling price. This, of course, is purely temporary, since raw material prices, wages and overheads are still well above the 1950 level, but it does not affect my conclusion that it is no longer a question of whether Mr. Butler is going to kill the utility scheme in his forthcoming Budget but whether or not he will pronounce the funeral oration.

The answer to this must depend upon the wider aspects of Government policy. If they anticipate that competition has returned for good, then the utility scheme, which has well served its purpose during the period of scarcity, can safely be buried. But if, on the other hand, they envisage that shortages might recur, either through acts of policy such as cuts in the import of raw cotton or raw wool or by circumstances beyond their control, then not only must price control be maintained but also current consumption of clothing articles be curtailed, be it by a reintroduction of clothing coupons or by the imposition of a stiff sales tax on articles not at present subject to the purchase tax. H. GORDON

Eastcote, Middlesex.

CHURCHILL AND STALIN

SIR,—Will you allow me, as one who saw and carefully studied the Red Army's campaign against Nazi Germany to add a footnote to Mr. Crossman's review of Mr. Chester Wilmot's *The Struggle for Europe*? I do not know enough about Anglo-American relations during the war to challenge Mr. Wilmot's facts; but I know a good deal about Anglo-Russian relations, and I have seldom seen a story so distorted by the process of *omitting* facts and documents that do not fit the author's pattern.

Thus, the thousands of examples of enthusiasm for the Russian war effort felt and expressed by both the British public and British statesmen, including Mr. Churchill (did he not speak of the Russians having "torn the guts out of the German army"?) are ignored; but, worse still, Mr. Wilmot, though not apparently suffering from shortage of paper, manages to omit some of the most significant documents relating, for example, to the final offensive against the Reich. He goes so far as to suggest on page 631 that Stalin played rather a trick on the Western Allies by launching his offensive in Poland on January 12; that the Western Allies had a terribly hard time, while, for the Russians, it was a walkover, as they were "sweeping through Poland and into the Reich, driving before them a rabble of armies."

Historically, it would have been more accurate, though, politically, no doubt, not quite so expedient, if Mr. Wilmot had quoted, instead of dozens of third-rate documents, two very important Churchill-Stalin exchanges, whose authenticity has never been denied. At the height of the German offensive in the Ardennes, when the Germans, it was feared, might break through to the North Sea and the Channel, Mr. Churchill cabled to Stalin on January 6, 1945, that the position in the West was "very anxious," and asked whether "we can count on a major Russian offensive on the Vistula Front or elsewhere during January?" On January 7 Stalin replied that although it was "very important to make use of our superiority in artillery and aircraft" and that, for this, clear weather was essential (and the weather prospects were bad), "our Supreme Command has decided, in view of the position of our Western Allies, to complete the preparations at a forced pace and, disregarding the weather, to launch wide-scale offensive operations against the Germans all along the Central Front not later than the second half of January."

On January 9, Mr. Churchill replied:

> I am most grateful to you for your thrilling message. I have sent it over to General Eisenhower for his own eye only. May all good fortune rest upon your noble venture.

After this offensive was launched, and after a number of German crack divisions had hastily been transferred from West to East, Mr. Churchill wrote to Stalin on January 17 thanking him "from the bottom of his heart" and congratulating him on "the immense

assault you have launched upon the Eastern Front." The German pressure in the West was now over.

Paris. ALEXANDER WERTH

SUNDAY EXPRESS

SIR,—"Critic" writes "Why should not a rival newspaper . . . publish a story of a split between the proprietor and editor of the *Sunday Express* and lay seige to the house of John Gordon with photographers and insistent reporters."

If any rival newspaper should do so, I hope it will make a better effort at spelling.

By inference "Critic" suggests that *Sunday Express* photographers and insistent reporters were at Mr. Bevan's house intruding on his privacy at an unfortunate moment.

That is completely untrue. I have made inquiries and I find that no *Express* photographer or reporter was anywhere near Mr. Bevan's house on the night that moves "Critic" to such ecstasy of emotion.

Fleet Street, London. JOHN GORDON

[Mr. Gordon's statement that he "finds" that no reporter was "anywhere near Mr. Bevan's house" compels us to ask what steps, if any, were taken to check the veracity of the *Sunday Express* story before publication?—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

GOOD HEALTH FOR SALE

SIR,—Your leading article in last week's issue, "Good Health for Sale," contains one complete misstatement and several false assumptions to which I feel I must draw your attention.

(1) Under the new Bill the patient pays for dental treatment one pound or the cost, *whichever is the less*. The fee for the extraction of one or two teeth is 7s. 6d., for three or four 11s. 6d., scaling 12s. 6d., or a simple filling 15s., etc. It is hardly likely that any dental surgeon with an eye to the "pickings" would undercut the charge of 7s. 6d. for "pulling out a rotten tooth," an operation which requires both time and skill.

(2) Since the National Health Act came into force in 1948 the School Dental Service has dwindled away until the so-called "Priority Service" has become a farce, an effect obviously not intended by the planners. There are 60 or more empty dental clinics in London alone. For the last few years newly qualified dental surgeons have gone straight into general practice—who can blame them, when by hard work they could be sure of a good income and plenty of patients? It is to be hoped that in future young dental surgeons will be more likely to enter the School Dental Service instead.

One regrettable feature of the new Bill is that adolescents will be charged for fillings and conservative treatment of the teeth, a fact not mentioned in your article.

(3) The charge for prescriptions is to be one shilling. As enormous sums have been spent by the public in the past on patent medicines, is it likely that a charge of one shilling will lead to "sick people deferring their visits to the doctor until the last possible moment"? It may deter them from visiting their overworked G.P.'s for such things as aspirin, cotton-wool, etc., which they can buy at the chemist for 9d.

A truer picture would be given if articles on this subject were to be written with more knowledge of the facts and a less partisan attitude.

DENTAL SURGEON

FABIAN SOCIETY

SIR,—The Fabian Society's appeal for funds in a recent issue repeated the claim that the Society provided the theoretical basis of the Labour Party's 1945 programme. It is not quite true—that groundwork was done by a handful of members of the Society. The rank-and-file contributed something quite important, however—the financial and mental dunghill which nourished the flower of Fabian thought.

Now the Society is trying to expand the range of its activities in the context of to-day's costs and for that reason seeks mass membership. "Will you join—or send a donation." Clearly, what is important is not you but your money.

Should you answer the call? I think you should—but you should insist that they take you with your cash. This may be rather hard on the Society but an élite is neither permanent nor self-reproducing.

The Fabian Society is an oligarchy carelessly disguised as a democratic organisation. This was justifiable in earlier days by the quality of the leadership. It is, perhaps, too early to say that the dunghill has produced no new flowers—the coming "New Fabian Essays" may prove to be choice blooms. At any rate, let us hope that someone has discovered that it is no longer useful to consider any aspect of Socialism in Britain without reference to the world context. We exist to-day within the U.S. orbit and what we have to ask is whether Socialist advance is possible within that orbit or whether the retreat, even from the welfare state, is not inevitable while we remain a satellite of the great bastion of world capitalism. Let us hope that there will be no high and wide assumptions which beg all the real questions.

What the Fabian Society needs, even more than money, is something it has lost without knowing it—indignation. All effective political reformers are filled with righteous anger—and the original Fabian essayists were no exceptions. If the Executive of the Society thinks that to-day there is nothing to be frightened and furious about, then indeed it is lost and the job never will be done. HUGH JENKINS

EQUAL PAY

SIR,—An employer has two equally suitable applicants for a job. The appropriate trade union, and public opinion, will allow him to employ A at about two-thirds of the wage he would have to pay B. I submit that he will in such circumstances choose A. Would the employment of women at cut rates have some bearing on the fact that a sample of seventeen consecutive years between the wars shows an average of only 10 per cent. of insured women unemployed as against 15 per cent. of insured men?

I am astonished at the unflattering way in which men who oppose equal pay for equal work claim their wives as liabilities. My salary (four-fifths of the rate for the job) supports my mother and myself. The charge she makes on my income is amply compensated for by the house-keeping services she is able to contribute (I say nothing of the value of a happy family relationship). Therefore I have a material advantage over the single woman who must either be her own housekeeper in what should be her leisure time, or pay the market price for the services I enjoy at cost.

Then, how odd of Mr. Grant to assume, *inter alia*, that all the display and therefore all the expenditure involved in the human courtship ritual is the male's. The female has her relevant costs too, attractive clothes, cosmetics, hairdressing. The expenditure on both sides is an investment which normally pays dividends.

Fundamentally the opposition to equal pay, as to all social reforms, is opposition to change. The reform achieved, the opposition withers away, as in the case of women's suffrage, married women's property rights and infant labour in mines. FRANCES MILES

63 Doneraile House,
Ebury Bridge Road, S.W.1.

"ALIEN RUNWAYS"

SIR,—Ian Mikardo asks why all these years, we have taken for granted the existence of the growing American air-force bases in eastern England. The answer is that a lot of us have been most unhappily aware of them, but we couldn't say anything because that would have been disloyal to what was apparently Labour Party policy towards the United States. I, as a farmer, was acutely aware of these thousands of acres of deep concrete over some of the best British corn land. Here am I, subsidy-farming on rain-sodden marginal land in the West, which would be better under forest, while all that land is taken from food production and given over to war, and to a horrible social and moral isolation which weighs hard on the decent American. In the name of peace and corn-growing, older and deeper in the human pattern than ever war is, let us say "No" to the runways, and when we get a Labour Government in again, let us go on saying "No." NAOMI MITCHISON

Carradale, Campbeltown,
Argyll.

NEWS FROM THE FISHING INDUSTRY

A first-class passage for first-class fish

Since British Trawlers were freed from wartime restrictions, a number of measures have been taken by the Fishing Industry to raise the food-value of the fish you buy.

One of these relates to the storing of the catch in ships' fishrooms. More and more, the method of packing the fish in layers of ice is being improved by 'shelving'—that is to say the fish are carefully laid out on ice-lined shelves fixed in tiers so that no weight presses upon them from above. Thus risk of damage to the fish is greatly reduced—important because a damaged fish tends to deteriorate more quickly.

Indeed it might be said that more and more of the fish you eat these days, instead of travelling steerage from the fishing grounds, has a first-class passage home—as befits such first-class food.

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Books in General

BECAUSE sex obliterates them in the 20th century, we have to turn to the late 18th century for an elucidation of love, and, for marriage, to the Victorian Age. We go, that is to say, to the professionals. For when we come to marriage, that is what the Tolstoys and the Carlyles are. No doubt enters their minds as to married monogamy being the only way and the most engrossing; their groans from the treadmill are part of their pleasure; they have the satisfaction of those who have chosen a Fate. Like fundamentalists they live by the Book. Deeply they suspect any attempt to ameliorate this or that condition of married life. When Geraldine Jewsbury wrote a novel which argued for the "right" of a woman to choose her love, but within marriage, both the Carlyles were indignant at the "indecency" of the notion: when people start talking about "rights" that is the end. And so, of course, it is. But were the Carlyles any different from the lovers of the 18th century, the figures of the *Liaisons Dangereuses*, of *Manon Lescaut*, or *Adolphe*, who held on just as tenaciously to the pain of their free condition; or from ourselves who cling to the privileged wounds of sexual aberration? The professional knows that part of the satisfaction is in the struggle, in the price to be paid daily. If the Tolstoys paid with their reason, and the Carlyles with their health, that is the refined compulsion of extremists. Their tragic genius enables us to appreciate, at its full worth, the mere talent for marriage of, say, the Brownings; just as the cruel strategy of the *Liaisons Dangereuses* illumines the talent for the naval warfare of love in Jane Austen; just as Lawrence is the turbulent prophet of that sexual bliss which has become free for all at any clinic.

Soon after Mr. Julian Symons's *Carlyle* we are lucky to have a companion piece in a life of his wife by Lawrence and Elisabeth Hanson.* It is an important book, fair, delightful and perceptive. *Necessary Evil*: it was a marriage of wits, and that was Carlyle's excellent phrase for his wife. She has, as one might suppose from it, the advantage to biography of being the more volatile, engaging and sympathetic person. Jane Welsh Carlyle was an intellectual woman who did nothing with her intellect—as Carlyle, with his gospel of work, frequently complained—but she had the power of spinning out of it a fine and life-entrapping web of comment which for amusement and spirit has little to equal it in English biography. Her great, perhaps not unconscious work, was to create her own life by accident, in innumerable letters—her life in all its moods, scenes, victories and defeats. The *Life* the Hansons have written is based on this huge correspondence—and her husband's too—and many of the letters were unknown or unused. Interpretation is curbed by a firm prudence. Changing portraits of husband, wife and friends are brilliantly pointed; speculation and theory are ruled out or are confined to a short appendix. One could not ask for a more self-effacing, just and considerate biography of a woman whose married life has been ransacked for the intimate clue.

Until one glances at the appendix, indeed, one might even have the impression of evasion. It is not so. The unavoidable question of Carlyle's supposed impotence or his wife's frigidity, as the source of their disasters, is faced, but shortly. There is not, when it comes to proof, much to say. One new fact is established: the rumour that Jane was once pregnant is now shown to have been caused by a confusion of names. A doctor's statement that Mrs. Carlyle was found to be a virgin during her marriage, is hearsay and unproved. It is not, as Sir Walter Raleigh said, the kind of thing that people can set out to prove. The opinion of the authors is that, in this controversy, the opponents have been too anxious to go to extremes; that the Carlyles were simply a sexually ill-matched couple who soon gave up sexual relations. This would lead to strain but not necessarily to disaster; it was unlikely to be the main cause of their troubles, which could be sufficiently traced to disparities of upbringing and temperament. And which, one might add, were hardly helped by their extraordinary diet and their passion for castor oil. I doubt if these authors would allow great weight to Mr. Symons's argument (which has been very common in the biographies of both French and English writers of the 19th century) that the age itself inflicted a special and exceptional injury on its artists. Both Carlyle and Ruskin were injured in childhood by Calvinistic severity, but that is not "the industrial era"; it is in fact an example of the tendency of families to become, as it were, emotionally or spiritually "fixed," by some form of isolation, in a time far earlier than their own. Gosse perceived this when he noted that his Victorian father was really a man of the 17th century without knowing it. The historical analysis of character needs to be broken down into family history, into something, at any rate, much finer than the lump of time in which a subject happens to have lived.

The marriage of the Carlyles was a marriage of two hypersensitive and egotistical people who were bound by passionate affection, common intellectual interests and also by the same kind of satirical imagination. Both had a blistering power of speech—if one regards them from the Marriage Council point of view—and took a comic pride in the dramatic richness of their silences. Carlyle said hers was terrifying: he has given us a notion of his own when he speaks of resting on "the iron pillow of silence and despair." Both had a taste for grotesque exaggeration, both were perverse and cruel, both were subject to melancholy and black depression. Mrs. Carlyle denied she was a jealous woman when Geraldine Jewsbury was invited to stay, but the adept phrasing and timing of her denial, the cleverness with which she turned the notion of jealousy into what she could claim was ordinary worldly percipience about the effect of pushing young women on distinguished men, gives her away. She was an exceedingly jealous woman. Carlyle, similarly, appears to be a jealous man: she had far more men in varying degrees of passion for her, than he had women, and she was delighted to encourage them. *His* jealousy was directed at other writers. We owe to him the most brilliant, destructive, ill-tempered portraits of the chief figures of his time; Lamb sodden with gin, Godwin vacuously playing cards, Emerson thin as a reed and with a head like a starved cockerel's. He could pretend that these deadly caricatures were quintessences caught by an infallible artist in the godly or the grotesque, and not the jealousy of a monstrous egotist. Her caprice must be matched by his manias; his determination to hold the floor, by her determination to rule the table. It was sufficient to give either of them a present or to offer them money, to insult them. If he saw through every man in an hour, she saw through every woman, especially every married woman, the moment they opened their mouths. If she made a dead set at the husband of every woman who came into the room, especially if he were famous, Carlyle, just as possessive as a prophet, took possession of every major English question. It reached that point—maniacal in literary men—where he actually thought of standing for Parliament.

There was fire in both of them. There was also porridge—the gift for finding nourishment in the daily, domestic ironies, a taste for the losses of practical marriage. This, when one looks back on the lame attempts to describe love in Scottish novels, appears to be its sentimental or stoical substitute. How the Carlyle marriage recalls those domestic scenes (so often placed in the kitchen or the dining room) of the novels of Scott, Galt and Stevenson, where scolding, clatter, the testing of wills and the skirling of tongues, retort and counter-attack, are raised from the level of squalor by the satirical and wanton glitter of the Gaelic imagination.

The archetypal marriages owe their position to outspokenness. The Tolstoy diaries! The Carlyle letters! Can human happiness survive so much forthrightness? The Carlyles were saved because they admired each other's wit. Their worst agonies seem not to have come from their common hypochondria, her jealousy or his gloomy selfishness; but from not getting letters from each other on the day expected when they were separated. It is the most moving thing about these two: their craving for each other's voice. But behind her skill and humour, behind his simplicity, behind the habit of a certain obdurate competition with each other, lay something one can only call primitive. Like some couple out of a novel by D. H. Lawrence—some anti-phallic couple, one must say, and Carlyle, oddly, uses the word—they had built, open-eyed, a contest of prides.

Hence the great interest of the early pages of *Necessary Evil*, with their delightful narrative of Jane Welsh's girlhood, her numerous love affairs and fateful courtship. There is no sententious preparatory work here in the book: the Hansons have been captivated by Jane Welsh and have felt the spell as if they had been in Haddington and seen the little hoyden with all her brains and spirit. And we, too, see the spoiled, clever child, wilful, boyish, playing off her lovers, the very type of the girl whose emotions have been inordinately given to her father, and who must

* *Necessary Evil*. The Life of Jane Welsh Carlyle. By LAWRENCE AND ELISABETH HANSON. *Constable*, 30s.

find his substitute. Carlyle, the peasant, so much beneath her socially, was very much the forbidden father. She was quite unable to break him. He contended against her mother and herself. He never compromised. He was willing to give up marrying her if he was not assured of being master in his own house. She was in love with a genius, and Irving the preacher had had genius, too, in his way; what was necessary was that the genius should be immovable. Put this in the language of the Romantic movement—and how they talked of being hurled into Space or of being obliterated by the Night—and they were caught, as only Puritans can be, by the compelling notion that they were cut out of the stone of Eternity. The recklessness of the marriage imported into it something of the miraculous. And the curious stoical practicality of the Scots provided the alleviating irony which kept them on earth.

The unhappiness of Jane Welsh and Carlyle was inherent in their natures. They had an aptitude for suffering: it must have been relieved by their capacity for dramatising it. When her health went—and here the Hansons remind us that she suffered from being pushed on and crammed when she was a child and had lived with the moods of a nervous and capricious mother—she was undoubtedly wretched; but it is surprising, when one looks at her letters and watches her behaviour in middle life, to see her vivacity transfigure her gloom. There were always distinguished men eating out of her hand. She was surrounded by passionate admirers. Like many people whose lives are tragic or who suffer from abysmal melancholy and its delusions, she had the gift of enjoying the minutes of life, if not its days. If she was frustrated or ill-used, she was not the kind of woman to be bored for a moment. Company cured her as it cured Carlyle. And was she so crushed by the monster? She queened it, in spite of all; and her I-ety, as she called it, had victories in Cheyne Row which were surely more satisfying than those which a "happier" marriage to one of her more courtly lovers would have given her.

V. S. PRITCHETT

SWAN

The swan I see upon the sullen water
is Leda's lover and a child of Lir,
moves slowly now encumbered by the verses
remembered from a half-forgotten year.

The very whiteness that its cold reflection
sinks to a lower key to hold subdued,
is white of cloud and snow and wall and collar,
is colour scumbled over the dark wood.

Its feathers are the feathers of a gull
stuck in short turf beside a guzzling lamb.
Its hard eyes are unfriendly as the glance
of the tall stranger in the crowded room.

The bent neck swaying and the flat dark beak
are stretched neck, hissing beak, when I was small,
anxiously waiting till they cruised away
to let me guide my fleet home with a pole.

Substance and light provide the unthumbed clay;
my eyes find textures for my memory's shape.
This is no kin of any swan you see;
this is the swan that comes before I sleep.

JOHN HEWITT

AUDUBON'S ANIMALS

Audubon's Animals: The Quadrupeds of North America. Edited by ALICE FORD. *Bodley Head.* 84*s.*

To evaluate this book, it is necessary to remind ourselves of some of the details of Audubon's life. This is as good an example as one could find of intense devotion to a particular field of activity coming to fruition in spite of every kind of obstacle and disappointment. It is usually believed that he was born in what is now Haiti, as the illegitimate son of a French sea-captain and merchant by a Creole lady. In after years, strange legends sprang up about him, to the effect that he was the son of a French aristocrat saved from the Revolution, or even that he was the missing Dauphin. In any case, Captain Audubon brought him back to France at an early age, and after some years legally adopted him.

He was always deeply interested in nature, and also in drawing what he saw; and his father sent him to study under the painter David; but he could not stand being made to copy plaster casts. His father had an estate near Philadelphia, and there he went in 1803 at the age of 18. Eventually, he decided that he could make a living and at the same time indulge his passion for wild nature, by starting a general store in Kentucky. But, largely because he spent so much time in the forests, the enterprise collapsed.

To read of his activities in these middle years is to be astonished. In the saddle for hours, noting every item of behaviour of bird and beast, shooting specimens to draw, earning a little money by painting portraits and giving lessons, he never seemed to rest. When in the woods, he prided himself on being able to get a good sleep even when his clothes were wet through. His devoted wife helped out by teaching on plantations. Above all, he was experimenting with techniques of drawing and painting, for his ambition was to record this astonishing wealth of life in permanent form. He would set up the specimens he had shot in life-like positions, and aided by a wonderful visual memory, filled porfolio after porfolio with studies and finished portraits. He wanted his creatures to appear alive, active, a part of nature. To this end, he would often depict them doing something interesting, and would introduce the most exquisite studies of their immediate surroundings. Many of the trees and plants in his published work are as satisfactory natural history portraits as the birds and beasts. His favourite media were crayon and water-colour: he learnt to use oils, but was never wholly happy about the results, accomplished though they often were.

The story of his *Birds of America* is well known. Alexander Wilson had started to illustrate American ornithology. Audubon believed he could do better, both in style and in the scope of his enterprise. It was the era of great folios, published by subscription. He was unable to find adequate support in America, so staked everything on a three-year visit to Britain in 1826. Here he made many friends, and what was more important, obtained enough subscribers to enable him to start arrangements for publication. Anyone who has seen specimens of the original copper plates will realize what an immense task devolved upon the engraver. All the birds were to be depicted the size of life, with appropriate backgrounds, and of course in colour. The work started to appear at Edinburgh in 1831, and the last set of the 435 enormous plates was issued seven years later.

It was natural that Europe, with its great museums and its traditions of exploration and systematic collecting, should be interested in this record of the bird-life of a new continent; Baron Cuvier, the most eminent of European zoologists, called it "the most magnificent monument which art had yet raised to nature." Certainly it contains a number of works of real imaginative distinction in Audubon's new special

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HUTCHINSON

genre—the Blue Jay, the Trumpeter Swan, the Arctic Tern and many of the Warblers and Finches spring to mind.

He had, however, never been merely an ornithologist: he had watched and drawn the beasts as well. He had accompanied the Indians and witnessed how one of them dispatched a bear inside a hollow log; he hunted and also observed the deer that swarmed in the forests; he loved the squirrels and had made many drawings of them. The mammals of America, he realised, were also waiting to be systematically depicted; and he decided to execute a companion volume to the Birds, on "the Viviparous Quadrupeds of North America."

A prospectus for this was issued in 1839, but the book, this time with text accompanying the plates, was not published till 1845–8. Audubon was too old to undertake it single-handed, though he insisted on making an arduous journey up the Missouri to study Western animals. It is astonishing to read, in the journal he kept at the time, of the pronghorn antelopes and buffalo that he saw roaming over what now comprises some of the richest agricultural land on the continent. But he delegated a great deal of the work to his son John, and nearly half the plates are by him. The son had been brought up to mould his style very closely on that of his father, and sometimes achieved considerable success in his treatment.

Audubon died in 1851, and the present work has clearly been prepared in relation to the centennial celebrations that have taken place in America. It contains reproductions of all the plates, some in colour, together with a number of sketches and studies, many previously unpublished, and some enlarged details. One curious item is a Japanese print illustrating the calamity that overtook Audubon when he discovered that two hundred of his drawings had been destroyed by rats. It also contains extracts from his journal on the Missouri trip, and parts of the original text and critical annotations. A great deal of research has gone into the making of the book.

Some of the plates are very fine, in the best Audubon manner. The various squirrels are perhaps the best, squabbling over nuts, parachuting from branch to branch, sometimes with a brilliant portrayal of leaves and fruit introduced into the composition. From the natural history point of view, the snowshoe "rabbit," with its enlarged feet for spreading its weight, is fascinating. Some of the hitherto unpublished studies, like that of the Red Bat, show Audubon's command of detail, while that of Pennant's Marten seems almost alive in its expression and the texture of its fur. But it must be confessed that a number of the illustrations are disappointing as works of art, especially where landscape backgrounds have been supplied by the elder son, Victor.

Audubon will continue to live in history, partly because of the sheer artistic and imaginative quality of the best of his work; partly because he succeeded in what was at the time a new approach to natural history illustration—he himself spoke of the "Audubon method"; and partly because he has become a symbol in his adopted country. He was a passionate devotee of wild life, and his love of nature upheld him in his worst disappointments: there is a pathetic entry on the back of his water-colour of the cottontail rabbit, which says that drawing the creature was the only solace of the day of sorrow when his little daughter died. He had a belief in himself as destined to record the novel beauty and the abundance of bird and animal life which so excited him when he came to America from Europe. And he was one of the first to realise that this abundance could not be expected to last. This was brought home to him only late in life on his Missouri trip, when he saw the slaughter of buffalo that was taking place on the great plains. The National Audubon Society has chosen his name to symbolise its work, in fostering interest in natural history and in promoting wild life conservation.

Audubon's Animals is valuable as a record of the later work of this fascinating man, who put the study of wild life on a new footing in North America by successfully wedding natural history and art in his own highly personal way.

JULIAN HUXLEY

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THE APOSTLE PHILOSOPHER

Reason and Commonsense. By R. G. MAYOR. *Routledge.* 35*s.*

R. G. Mayor was born into a famous Victorian academic family. His father and two of his uncles were professors—one of them "revelling in classical literature from the age of six"; his great-uncle was George Grote, the banker and historian, who helped to found London University. His career can be easily imagined: in College at Eton where he won the Newcastle, a Fellowship at Cambridge where he won the Craven and the Cross-Country, and thence to the Civil Service where he rose to be Permanent Assistant Secretary of the Board of Education. He was also, one hardly needs to add, a distinguished mountaineer. But these facts neglect one essential link in the chain. At Cambridge he was elected to the Apostles among whom he became engrossed in philosophical discussion; and it may be that this youthful devotion was among the causes which induced him to retire from the Civil Service in his fifties and to pass the last twenty years of his life in writing a large philosophical work.

What kind of philosophy, then, is written by a scholarly Civil Servant who was an Apostle? The answer is: the kind of philosophy which flourished when he was at Cambridge. The matrices of his thought are those of his youth, the manner, complexity, grace and good sense those of his maturity. In Mayor's day at Cambridge McTaggart and Lowes Dickinson were the new dominant influences; the impact of Moore and Russell was not to be felt until a decade later. As a result, Mayor's book belongs in reality to the era before the Flood and bears no resemblance to modern critical philosophy. It is not, of course, metaphysical after the fashion of McTaggart who, finding that time was unreal and material objects in space could not be said to exist, constructed a universe in which the only real objects were souls loving each other. Mayor's beautiful, leisurely style is always calling to our common sense. But he does not hold that the main function of philosophy is the analysis of language, and he implicitly maintains that contingent propositions can be derived from logically necessary propositions.

Briefly, Mayor shows how the explanations of philosophers differ from those which are suggested by our common sense; and his book purports to find the links between these modes of thought. This leads him to distinguish between different kinds of emotion and to show how these convince us of the reality of existence. He finally relates philosophy to morality and claims that the latter is the source of the former, provided that morality is dynamic and that we perceive that the social code must be changed perpetually in order to bring reason and common sense into conformity. I suspect that metaphysicians, quite apart from logical analysts, will find holes to pick in the argument. But, in a sense, the argument is only a part of the book. Mayor was an amateur of philosophy and he believed that amateurs perform the useful function of showing how enjoyable is the pursuit of wisdom; and that they can demonstrate this better perhaps than professionals, whose gymnastics lie beyond the public's comprehension. The value of his book seems to me to lie partly in the felicity of exposition (it may be read with ease in the bath); partly in the historical interest in seeing which problems perplexed Mayor, and in relating his solutions to the society from which he sprang; and partly in the flavour of his personality as it emanates from the pages. The pleasure in reading philosophy by an amateur is that he is always writing about himself.

NOEL ANNAN

MEN AND THEIR LAND

Soil and Civilisation. By EDWARD HYAMS. *Thames & Hudson.* 21*s.*

In his first chapter the author divides the thinking world into two sects—the scientific sect and the poetic sect. Both sects seek the truth—the scientist the accurate truth, the poet the ultimate truth. The one disciplines his imagination, the other gives it free rein. The author belongs to the poetic sect, and, though he respects the scientist he regards him as a bit of a nuisance. He thinks that the scientist works across the grain of life and prevents the poet from performing creative acts.

In a field of knowledge like that of the soil, into which the scientist has only recently entered, but in which the poet has been from time immemorial, each resents the presence of the other. Mr. Hyams exposes himself freely to the strictures of orthodox pedologists, but he has produced some very fruitful, pioneering ideas in a field where pedologists, owing to the ban on the use of imagination, cannot enter. His theme is human ecology in relation to the soil—the first thing it should be studied in relation to, but one which has hitherto been avoided, with more wisdom than courage, by human ecologists.

The argument is that, in the course of becoming civilised, men take over control of the soil from the plant world and evolve a special kind of "artificial soil community" (why artificial?) which increases the fertility of the soil and maintains a more or less stable biotic equilibrium with the environment. The fate of a civilisation depends on how far and for how long the equilibrium can be maintained. The process starts, when men first occupy the land, with a period of human "parasitism" when the soil is exploited, all man's energies being concentrated on wresting a living from an untamed environment. The end of such a period can be observed to-day in North America. It is followed by a period when a stable soil community is built up

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JONATHAN CAPE

whose activities enhance the fertility of the soil so that it can support a dense population without damage, as in Western Europe to-day. Finally, civilisation declines when, owing to over-population or other causes, the social organism can no longer maintain soil fertility, as has happened several times in the past and is happening to-day in Eastern Asia.

The story of many past civilisations and the unfinished story of our own civilisation conform to this pattern quite closely, but it must be admitted that the evidence for a concomitant rise and fall of soil fertility and of civilisation is mainly an identification of soil fertility with the condition and productivity of agriculture, which are bound to rise and fall with the state of human society. Mr. Hyams ranges over the whole gamut of civilisations from Egypt to modern North America, from China to Peru. The book is too short to cover such a wide field adequately, and at times the reader gets bogged down in irrelevant historical detail. There is, indeed, very little about soil in the book, though the word "soil" occurs frequently. What Mr. Hyams is mainly concerned to show is that conditions of land tenure have a decisive influence on the efficiency with which land is managed, but he does not show how these social-economic conditions are influenced by the type of soil—which is the crux of the whole matter of soil and civilisation. He sees a moral value in the maintenance of soil fertility, consequently a society based on slavery must exhaust fertility and one based on an independent peasantry must enhance it. He believes, probably rightly, that reinstatement of "the older medieval rule of balancing stock against corn, pasture against arable," would solve the problem of declining soil fertility, but that "rule" was as much a result of contemporary economics as monoculture is to-day. To-day, as in the past, mixed farming or monoculture is practised where it pays best.

A difference between the poet's and the scientist's outlook on soil is that the former sees the maintenance of fertility as a moral virtue, the latter as an economic compulsion. Throughout history, as this book shows, human societies have exploited or enriched the soil as and when it paid to do so. America is just starting an era of soil conservation because now conservation is beginning to pay better than the formerly profitable exploitative farming; and the reason why it pays is because more and more Americans are leaving the land to live in towns where their demands for the produce of the land stimulate the farmers to intensify their agriculture and improve the soil. The same thing happened at the end of the Middle Ages in England. It is the townsmen who make and dominate the fertile soil of civilisation. No ordinary human being, in the past, present or future, would take on the back-breaking task of increasing soil fertility just to acquire virtue. The only way to get those eternal drudges of civilisation, the husbandmen, to do their job is for the townsmen to make it worth their while, as they are doing in Britain, with subsidies and price regulation, to-day. There is not much poetry in the process of civilisation, but one is inclined to agree with Mr. Hyams that the poet would run it better than does the industrial townsman.

G. V. JACKS

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PRISONERS' LIBERTY

No Picnic on Mount Kenya. By FELICE BENUZZI. *William Kimber.* 15*s.*

Soon after he arrived at the P.o.W. camp at Nanyuki in 1942, Felice Benuzzi saw Mount Kenya, twenty miles away and 17,000 feet high, towering against the night sky, its glaciers gleaming in starlight. Straightaway he decided to climb it. He bagged a pair of binoculars and spent a quiet hour examining and sketching the mountain from the room of the British Compound Officer (who was having his lunch); and he found, after a long search, two reliable companions, though only one of them was a climber. Out of scrap and stolen hammers they manufactured very serviceable ice-axes, and two pairs of crampons; the sisal rope, taken from their bedframes, was a more doubtful affair. By ingenuity and barter they set off surprisingly well equipped: climbing boots, warm clothes, a tent, one sleeping bag for the three of them, goggles and anti-sunburn cream and ten days' rations on a scale of 2,000 calories a day. Intellectually, they were far worse off. They knew Mount Kenya had been climbed, but had no idea in what conditions, or by what routes: they didn't even know that there were two tops, Batian and Nelion, of which Nelion was considerably the easier. They certainly hadn't an inkling that there was a climbers' hut at its base. The approach, too, was largely unknown: and when, after a neat get-away, they found themselves following the course of the Nanyuki up through the forest belt, it was in considerable ignorance of what the risks from wild animals really were. They had no gun, they kept on seeing ominous large tracks, they suddenly came on a rhinoceros only 200 yards away, and were often very frightened before they reached the belt of heathland from which the mountain rises. But they were wildly happy too, at liberty in a world "untainted by man's misery and bright with promise." Then Enzo, the non-climber, collapsed with a heart-attack; though he recovered enough to walk, it was clearly dangerous to take him higher, and the base camp had to be pitched far lower than they had planned. The other two allowed themselves one day for reconnaissance and rock-climbing practice: and then, after a breakfast of Ovaltine and two buttered biscuits, launched out on to the north-west ridge of Batian.

Now this ridge, on which they embarked with such cheerful ignorance, had only once been climbed, by Shipton and Tilman in 1930; and they, though in good training and well fed, found it a major undertaking. The two Italians came to it after a gruelling approach march and in no training at all, and they ran into a storm high up. Yet they reached a point within 800 feet of the summit and got themselves down safely over rocks plastered with new snow. Though they crawled back to camp in the dark completely soaked and exhausted, somewhere they found the energy to take them next day round the northern base of the mountain, below the glaciers, to the subsidiary Point Lenana, where they erected the prison-made flagpole and Italian flag. At this stage they saw the climbers' hut, and what was obviously the standard route up; but they could not stay longer to try it, for their food was almost done and their object now was to get back as quickly as possible behind the bars. Prison now meant survival. So down they marched again, by upland and forest, giant heath and giant groundsel, in half the time it had taken them to come up: and on half a pound of rice between them, and three small biscuits each. They could have cut out the third and final day by allowing themselves to be captured at a saw-mill in the forest, but they preferred to end up in style, breaking into prison as neatly as they had broken out a fortnight before. The seven days they got in the cells were absolute heaven, with nothing to do but eat and sleep and live again the moments of beauty, in the forest or on the mountain, "on which we could draw during the years behind the barbed wire which would follow our adventure"—years when Signor Benuzzi wrote this book, in English as spirited and individual as his exploit.

The gesture had been made: and it was so much more than a gesture of defiance or of patriotism. "Above all, our outing had been a reaction against the sluggish life of a P.o.W. camp, an act of will amidst all that inertia." Nos. 41304 and 762 who reported to the Camp Commandant in clean, pressed clothes were now, in an all-important sense, free men. Their resolution and toughness had won them this freedom: and win now, from the reader, a grateful recognition that men can be so spirited and so gay, can carry through an enterprise with such dash and style, can rise so entirely above their limitations for a totally immaterial gain.

JANET ADAM SMITH

THE AUTHOR OF WOZZECK

Georg Büchner. By A. H. J. KNIGHT. *Blackwell.* 21*s.*

It is astonishing that Georg Büchner has never previously been the subject of a book in English; for his principal works, the three extant plays, have been known to English readers and audiences for twenty-five years. Apart from his originality as a playwright, Büchner was certainly one of the most fascinating personalities of the early nineteenth century, a man in whom all the deeper currents of the age seem to have converged. Even his powerful intellect could not always master this conflict of opposites. As a political revolutionary, he soon became an extremist, dissatisfied with the bourgeois liberals and their loose organisations; yet only a little later his hatred of the existing tyrannies developed into a larger disgust with the whole mechanism of power, and he renounced political action. As a dramatist, he borrowed modestly from the conventions of his own Romantic period, but looked back to Shakespeare (as interpreted by the German writers of the *Sturm und Drang* school) and forward to the Naturalists, who rediscovered his plays. As a natural historian, he was brilliant enough to be granted a lectureship at Zurich, but had no opportunity to do work of lasting importance, as his brother Ludwig later did. His sympathies were extraordinarily wide, as we can see from the unconventional characters in his plays and story; but what seems like a writer's insight into the minds of others need be no more than the diversity of his self-knowledge. Both *Wozzeck* and *Lenz* record the progress of a mania partly religious, partly social in origin; but Büchner himself suffered atheism like a disease and often experienced a state of mental tension not far removed from madness. He was so deeply involved in the unacknowledged issues of his time that for a half a century after his death he was scarcely mentioned or read. In more than one sense he was a precocious genius; but the word "precocious" does not do justice to the maturity he attained before dying at the age of twenty-three.

Mr. Knight's book is not so much an original contribution to Büchner studies as a thorough, cautious and methodical account of the established facts, a recapitulation rather than a thesis. This does not mean that its virtues are negative, but that Mr. Knight has written the kind of book likely to be most useful to his prospective readers. In a work intended mainly for students, economy and clarity of presentation are positive assets; to offer his own conjectures at this stage, to readers not yet familiar with the facts, would have amounted to self-indulgence on the writer's part. Mr. Knight has done well to avoid the excessive theorising of his German predecessors; but his scholarly approach somewhat limits the appeal of his book, while its usefulness is limited by his

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failure to provide translations of the numerous passages quoted throughout the text.

The first part of the book, dealing with Büchner's brief but very active life, is based on the evidence of contemporaries and on those fragments of Büchner's own correspondence which have been preserved; neither these documents nor Büchner's political pamphlet are available in English translation. The second part provides detailed analyses of the three plays—*Dantons Tod*, *Wozzeck* and *Leonce und Lena*—and of the short story *Lenz*, as well as shorter sections on Büchner's scientific and philosophical writings. In a brief concluding essay, Mr. Knight discusses Büchner's importance, both historical and intrinsic. A useful bibliography has been appended to the text.

Mr. Knight's book is recommended to all those readers who, knowing German, are not acquainted with the facts of Büchner's life and work. Thanks in part to Alban Berg's opera, it should be safe to predict a growing response to Büchner's plays; and though the present book is confined to reliable information—which, in Büchner's case, is far from abundant—it should help to satisfy the curiosity aroused by the works themselves.

MICHAEL HAMBURGER

NEW NOVELS

Barbary Shore. By NORMAN MAILER. *Cape.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Adversaries. By JOHN SOMMERFIELD. *Heinemann.* 15*s.*

The Morning Watch. By JAMES AGEE. *Secker & Warburg.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Norman Mailer carries the burden of having written *The Naked and the Dead*, the most celebrated novel of the second World War. On the strength of this one book, Mr. Mailer is, if not a famous novelist, at least both a novelist and famous—internationally famous—the only young novelist of whom this could be said. His second novel having now appeared, his position entitles him to have the question asked: is he turning into a famous novelist, the proper subject of an international renown, not as the author of a sensational book, but as a writer?

The question prompted by his reputation is answered by his book, and the answer is: no, he is not. One might add, not at present, or, not on the form displayed; but the qualification would I think be generous rather than strictly just. This conclusion is a disappointing one, and doubly disappointing because, for at least half-way through *Barbary Shore*, the question remains open. This first half is the work of a writer who has a fine novelist's talent; it has power, invention, intelligence and great skill. The opening sentence has a shock effect which makes the other experts in shock effects look half-hearted: "Probably I was in the war." It turns out that he is a lost-memory case, but although there are moments of brilliant promise while this opening is being explored, I don't feel that the use which Mr. Mailer makes of anything that he finds there is really very illuminating. It is also, somehow, a little disappointing to find that the narrator is a writer, and that he establishes himself in a New York rooming-house which houses an assortment of interesting characters. The young writer installed in the sort of rooming-house where you never know who's going to be tapping on the door is a banal character in a banal situation. The skittish sexy landlady with the pretty precocious little daughter whom she proposes to take to Hollywood is somehow also familiar; she has an aura of Nathanael West.

Yet despite these occasional soft points it is right to repeat that the total effect of this first part of *Barbary Shore* is one of originality; it is vivid, unusual, and impressive. The action is limited; Guinevere, the landlady, establishes a hot-and-cold sexual relationship with the narrator; he, in turn, strikes up an acquaintance or friendship with three fellow-lodgers—McLeod, who is, or has been, a Communist; Hollingsworth, who turns out to be a police-agent; and Lannie Madison, an eccentric and mysterious chain-smoking dipsomaniac about whose role in the book I will confess I am not quite clear. A system of relations among those people is built up and develops; one or two disclosures are made; the narrator has gotten himself into a fairly lustful state; and a point arrives at which the reader is waiting with great interest to know what the whole thing is really about. The possibilities include what might be prudishly called personal relations; art; and politics.

The narrator, we learn, has been interested in revolutionary politics, although, thanks to his loss of memory, his recollections are vague and rather impersonal. Indeed, at some indeterminate point the maziness and queerness of his condition, which at the beginning is skilfully used, and attracts interest and sympathy, seem to invade the book itself; and whatever effect Mr. Mailer was seeking, I cannot believe it was the blurred one which he achieves. At some indeterminate point the book gives the impression of having suffered a stroke from which, in thought, speech and action it never recovers. On the whole, however, it is about politics that the patient appears to be striving most frequently to speak. McLeod, the Communist, and Hollingsworth, the police agent, proceed upon a dialogue, an exercise in dialectic and detection combined, which in so far as it is "straight" is incredible, and in so far as it is allegorical is boring. Its intellectual weight by no means compensates for its slowness, its lack of action, and its triteness. It is rather generally true of American authors, that while they can on occasion write with great force and impressiveness about the Left Wing politics of New York intellectuals, they often make the whole thing look like an elaborately ritualised and exclusive game—it might be called the Greenwich Village Wall Game—in which the right people know the correct moves to make and the right terms to employ, but in which it is hard to believe that anyone really needs to sweat or get dirty, still less that anyone might get hurt. In *Barbary Shore* nearly all the players do get hurt in the end, but by then Mr. Mailer has altogether lost his grip upon his readers' interest and credulity. While it may still be, then, that he will establish himself as the kind of writer that the author of *The Naked and the Dead* might hope to be, I feel that this will only be when he has taken the organisation of his remarkable talent severely in hand.

The Adversaries is also in a way a political novel, and whatever its merits and demerits, it at least does not give the impression that revolutionary politics is an esoteric game. The novel is based upon the life of Evariste Galois, whose name, although it is not one that a layman would be expected to know, is familiar to mathematicians as an important one in the history of their subject. Galois was killed in a duel in 1832 at the age of 21, and left behind him the small body of potently inseminating work which brought him the fame he was denied in life. His story is a painful classic of neglect and of struggle, and in telling it Mr. Sommerfield has addressed himself to the vaster subject of youth's struggle with age and with an unjust society. He has paid to Galois the greatest compliment a writer can give, the tribute of his sympathetic imagination, and his book, if occasionally too obviously a work of piety, is intelligent, readable, dignified and sometimes moving. As regards the larger aspects of his theme, however, they stand like a massif whose foothills may have been reconnoitred, but whose great cliffs continue virgin.

The Morning Watch is a novel of a very different kind. Very short, lyrical in its method and almost devoid of plot, it seeks to give an impression of the mind and moods of a boy in the wilds of Tennessee on Good Friday morning. The material is unusual; the mountain boys with their queer uncouth dialect seem to belong to an America more remote and provincial than that of Tom Sawyer or Huckleberry Finn. Yet despite their Catholicism, their background of priests, confession, and morning vigils, it is of

Tom Sawyer and Huck that they most often remind the reader, or at least one un-American reader. For Mr. Agee represents the Catholic religion rather as one of those wonderful games to which the passionate drive of Tom's imagination was devoted, and the passage in *The Morning Watch* in which Richard, giving himself wholeheartedly to the attainment of a religious rapture, fancies for an instant that he has received the stigmata, and is then horrified by his blasphemy, is very Sawyer-like in being at once painful, funny, and moving. When, moreover, Richard, spiritually exhausted by his morning watch, plays hookey and goes swimming with two friends, Mr. Agee achieves at any rate some flashes of Mark Twain's sensuous intimacy with nature. Of *The Morning Watch* the publishers say that "its most direct appeal will be to the religiously-minded"; this may be so; I can say only that its indirect appeal, without being overwhelming, is one of considerable intermittent power.

J. D. SCOTT

RUSSIA EVERY DAY

Dateline Moscow. By DON DALLAS. *Heinemann.* 21*s.*

From the beginning this seemed an unusual book; the suspicion was confirmed in the fourth chapter where the author, a British newspaper man in the Soviet Union, describes with scrupulous fairness how he was arrested in Moscow for wandering about the Kremlin Gates without his credentials and was not worse treated than a similarly careless foreign journalist would have been in Western countries. Having survived the temptation to paint a ghoulish picture of a Moscow police-station, Mr. Dallas goes on to describe in more convincing detail than any other post-war British observer known to me how everyday life goes in Moscow. His picture is filled out by a thoroughly sensible chapter in which his wife lets us know what shopping and queueing and getting about Moscow is like for somebody who does not go there as a tourist or see life from an Embassy car. Mr. Dallas also has the excellent notion of using extracts from the Soviet press to show how the law, local government, marriage, divorce and the rest work in Russia.

It is easy to understand from the account given by Mr. Dallas why Soviet citizens are not the unhappy, rebellious or submissive slaves that Western propaganda so often suggests. It is also clear from his account that we do not exaggerate in any way the lengths to which Moscow will go to cut off its citizens from all real knowledge of the West, and to convince them that everything outside the Soviet Union is evil and that every great invention and scientific discovery is Russian. Mr. Dallas has investigated the individual stories of the Moscow brides; he is candid and precise about the case of Archie Johnstone who is now, he believes, deeply regretting that he chose Soviet freedom in preference to working for *British Ally*. He gives a factual account of the fantastic lengths to which Stalin worship has gone. In describing the "class" system of Russia, he may be careless about definition, but is completely successful in showing that inequalities in the U.S.S.R. are gross and that even the strictest rules cannot avail to prevent favouritism and corruption as a result of the appalling housing shortage. The strength of Mr. Dallas's book is that it is written more in sorrow than in anger, and that his accounts of how people can disappear in the Soviet Union because they say the wrong thing and how, with at least one example, they may return from a spell of "correction" in central Asia and find employment again, are based on intimate personal knowledge of what may, and has happened, to his friends.

Mr. Dallas does not suffer from the delusion that the Soviet system will break up into chaos when Stalin dies. He ends with some familiar phrases about meeting the challenge of Russia "foremost in the moral sphere." But he has the right to do so because he has shown why it cannot be met by armies and bombs, and why without revolution in the West (he does not use the word), "time is on the Communist side." Moscow, he sees, naturally wants to avoid a war which would destroy Russia and the West alike, but he adds that the Kremlin believes that Communism would survive a third world war, which would "prove the graveyard of world capitalism." In brief, Moscow holds that the capitalist world, encouraged, perhaps even pushed by Moscow, will rattle itself to bits without the aid of the Red Army or Soviet atom bombs.

TOM PAINE

SHORTER REVIEWS

Crime in America. By ESTES KEFAUVER. *Gollancz.* 16*s.*

Senator Kefauver was chairman of the special Senate Committee that investigated municipal corruption and organised crime in the United States in the spring of 1951. He has now published his own summary of that sensational and much-televised tour, which draws heavily upon the official report but is presented in a dramatic and popular form. (The American edition of this book has already been the subject of an article in this journal.) Since Senator Kefauver is now an avowed contender for the Democratic nomination for President, and since the revelations of graft and corruption will inevitably be one of the main campaign issues this year, his book makes a welcome appearance here. It consists of a series of case histories drawn from all over the U.S., showing how the pattern of the alliance between criminals and corrupt politicians remains the same, whether it is uncovered in New York, Chicago or Tampa. It is sensational reading, and instructive reading. This is a book which is essential for anyone who wishes to explore the labyrinth of American politics.

Frances Hodgkins: Four Vital Years. By ARTHUR R. HOWELL. *Rockliff.* 16*s.*

Mr. Howell of the old St. George's Gallery, Hanover Square, describes his dealings with Frances Hodgkins from 1927 until 1931. They were important years for Frances Hodgkins because it was then, at the age of 57, that she began to produce her most imaginative and in some ways her most youthful work; and then that she began to gain—with the help of Mr. Howell—a certain reputation. The book includes two photographs of the artist (she had an extraordinarily patient and dignified head), four-colour reproductions, a long list of recorded works and many quotations from her letters. These letters, although nearly all of them deal only with gallery arrangements, are intriguing. Underneath the inarticulate descriptions, the rather schoolgirlish slang and the conventional remarks about holidays and the weather, the sympathetic reader can begin to sense her erratic, passionate, naive—and yet in some ways very shrewd—personality. The rest of the book, however, is infuriating. One's curiosity, aroused by the letters, is never satisfied. Mr. Howell discusses the general methods of gallery propaganda and writes about the "musical" basis of Frances Hodgkins's work. But he is quite unable to make her come alive as a person, or to explain any of the definite financial arrangements and problems involved in sponsoring such a painter. That this is so, is perhaps a comment on the artificial complications of the art-dealing-gallery system, rather than on Mr. Howell's personal abilities.

Norway, The Commandos, Dieppe. By CHRISTOPHER BUCKLEY. *H.M.S.O.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Under the general title *The Second World War, 1939-1945*, H.M. Stationery Office are issuing what is termed "a popular military history by various authors, in eight volumes, pending the publication of the Official Histories." This volume, by the late Christopher Buckley, deals with the campaign in Norway, the origin and growth of the Commandos, and the Dieppe rehearsal for invasion. Norway, of course, officially a sideshow, bulks large; between April 8 and June 8, 1940, breaking in on the phoney war, came our mining of Norwegian waters, Hitler's invasion, the Allied ventures from Aandalnes in the South to Narvik in the North, and the final abandonment of Norway to German occupation. Many buses were missed in the course of these events; and it is now made doubly plain that our invading

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forces were lucky to get off as lightly as they did. The individual brilliance of Carton de Wiart could not possibly overcome lack of air support, small numbers, and muddle in Whitehall. Christopher Buckley makes no bones about this. His narrative gives a clear general picture, lit up by vivid detail: the Nazi entry with a band into Oslo, the three bus-drivers of Hönefoss who plunged themselves and their Nazi load into a ravine, Brigadier Smith's stand on April 25 at Kvam, and the fiasco of Trondheim, where the sea-borne assault had been called off without informing the forces on land. It is in fact the usual mixture of heroism, calm, and incompetence with which we do our best to lose every war before there's the possibility of winning it. Luckily for us the Germans were as dilatory in pushing on advantages as they had been swift in the original assault. In other sections, the raids on Bruneval and St. Nazaire, and the Dieppe "invasion" read almost like a film-script—in the case of the last, indescribably tragic. The book is well illustrated by maps and photographs, and the text, lacking its author's final revision, clearly and at moments excitingly deploys the facts.

Georges Sorel. By RICHARD HUMPHREY. *Harvard: Cumberlege.* 25*s.*

Mr. Humphrey's book, the first full-length study of Sorel to appear in English, forms an admirable introduction to the ideas of the man whom Jaurès called "the metaphysician of syndicalism." The author is rightly unconcerned with Sorel's "position in the factional struggles of sects and parties of the early twentieth century"; nor has he thought it necessary to "labour the errors and inconsistencies and obscurities of his writings." If his book has a fault, it is that it fails to communicate the emotional force of Sorel's thought, particularly as it is expressed in *Réflections on Violence*. One occasionally longs to hear those machine-gun bursts of rhetoric in the original rather than through the filter of T. E. Hulme's translation or in Mr. Humphrey's faint professorial rendering.

In all other respects, this study is admirable, and throws light on a number of Sorel's ideas that are not sufficiently known; his attitude to sex and the family; his conception of moral as opposed to economic or political freedom; his theory of the irresponsibility underlying French eighteenth-century *illuminism*; his doctrine of ideological dissociation" or the cloaking of naked appetites in utopian rationalism; and, above all, his distinction, based on an enthusiastic reading of Vico, between "natural" and "artificial" nature. Mr. Humphrey shows how Sorel, whether he was writing on "the fall of Rome, or the moral upsurge of the Risorgimento, or the eroticism of modern music . . . or the images of battle that could produce a violent assertion of will in the general strike," was all the time searching for the source of energy in society. Yet, in his personal life, this dynamic expounder of the "myth" was the embodiment of the retired French official, frugal, temperate, self-disciplined. When he resigned his position of Chief Engineer to the Department of Roads and Bridges, he was awarded the Legion of Honour. It was, as Mr. Humphrey says, "characteristic of his pride in the kind of practical achievement for which the award stood that he should wear the Ribbon the rest of his life through all the fluctuations of his feelings toward the government and institutions of his country."

The Background to Modern French Poetry. By P. MANSELL JONES. *Cambridge.* 18*s.*

We can congratulate ourselves on the fact that, in England, the diffident academic is a much commoner type than the cocksure pedant. However, diffidence makes for rather sad writing. Professor Mansell Jones's book is serious, scrupulous and intelligent but it is pitched in a key of half-conviction, as if he were wondering at every step whether he ought to be writing it at all. And, having completed it, he adds a preface in which, with remarkable integrity, he declares outright that this kind of careful probing of "sources" should give way to more "intuitive scholarship," based on a keener sense of literary values. One can only agree, at the same time regretting that he did not produce a manifesto to this effect earlier.

His subject here is certain influences which have been at work in French poetry since the second half of the nineteenth century; how far was Baudelaire affected by Swedenborg? What are we to make of the cult of Poe by the French? What is the debt of the *vers libristes* to Whitman? Of these three queries only the second has any general interest. The two essays on Poe are easily the best in the book. Professor Mansell Jones's dissection of the evidence on the other two issues is technically excellent but leaves the reader just as doubtful as he is about the usefulness of such an academic exercise. The book is rounded off with accounts of conversations about Whitman the author had over thirty years ago with a number of French poets. They are faintly amusing in that they show how baffled the intelligent and patient researcher can be by the cheerful unreliableness of even minor creative minds.

Effective Flowering Shrubs. By MICHAEL HAWORTH-BOOTH, F.L.S. *Collins.* 25*s.*

With the easement in post-war supplies more and more people are turning to flowering shrubs, not only to reduce garden labour and costs but to provide a wealth of bloom annually with the minimum of attention. *Effective Flowering Shrubs* can be recommended to potential planters as well as to those who wish to refurbish gardens to get the maximum degree of decoration. Mr. Haworth-Booth combines knowledge, first-hand experience and good taste. He underlines the title word *Effective*: "I am out for flowers—large, bold, beautiful flowers equal to, or surpassing, those borne by herbs, bulbs, annuals, orchids or anything else. I have no use for dowdy shrubs." He has divided his book into four main sections—Spring and April; May; June; July and August—listing his recommended species and varieties in the sequence of blooming. The descriptions of the plants, together with his comments, are very full and, whenever possible, he gives R.H.S. Colour Chart numbers. As with all selections, some readers may miss personal favourites not listed, but they will be compensated by less well-known and handsome inclusions. The volume is illustrated with coloured photographs taken by the author, the best of which are very beautiful; others, whether due to photography or reproduction, are unsuccessful.

Industrial Democracy and Nationalisation. By HUGH CLEGG. *Blackwell.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

This is the partial fruit of a Fabian study group which could not agree upon a final report. The failure is not remarkable; there is hardly any theme on which there has been more wish-fulfilment on the one hand, or as many attempts at "tough" realism on the other. The Guild-Socialists conjured up their visions of co-operative action without realising that such direct democracy would neither work in a large-scale organisation nor square with the conscious planning of economic resources. The "realists" on the other hand scornfully rejected, as leading to inefficiency or to totalitarianism, demands for workers' participation in control.

Mr. Clegg has no illusions about the Trade Union oligarchy; to entrust industry to any such inflexible workers' organisation, which would undoubtedly introduce the principle of the closed shop, would lead not to industrial democracy but to tyranny. If democracy is to be preserved, the Trade Unions must continue in "opposition" to the management. Democracy should be promoted by a healthy exchange of views on management at the workshops level. The selection both of managers (more of them should come from the ranks) and of Trade Union officials must therefore be improved if they are to stand up to the new requirements. Mr. Clegg also wishes to abolish National Boards; to restore control of policy to

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HAROLD INGHAM

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Ministers responsible to Parliament; and to decentralise detailed administration by creating Regional Boards directly dependent on the Minister. He also wants to abolish all intermediaries between the Boards and the actual production units.

Mr. Clegg's case for these detailed reforms is certainly powerful. It ought to be discussed widely and thoroughly. There is no field of policy in which the intentions and the achievements of the Labour Government diverged more sharply than that of the organisation and management of nationalised industry. The insulation of the National Boards from democratic responsibility lays the Party open to the charge of trying to cure monopoly by worse monopoly, and takes it farther along the road to a Burnhamesque managerial oligarchy. No amount of welfare can offset the disillusionment which must follow such travesty of the original hopes of the movement.

Evolution of Modern Italy. By A. J. WHYTE. *Blackwell.* 18*s.*

A reprint of Dr. Whyte's study of the Risorgimento will be welcome to those who want an orthodox but reliable account of the trends and personalities that contributed to the making of Italy. Dr. Whyte's aim was the admirable one of linking "the more or less familiar story of the Risorgimento to what preceded and followed it, and to bring into greater prominence those aspects of the movement upon which more light has been recently thrown." With this dual object in mind, he drew widely on original sources; and not the least valuable part of the book is its bibliography, which, while not being complete, is a very useful guide. It may be unfair to tax so orthodox a writer with an undue respect for established opinion: where the book certainly fails to satisfy, though, is in its unnecessarily superficial treatment of the social structure of those Italian provinces that did so much to make the Risorgimento. A book which claims to describe the evolution of Italy cannot possibly restrict itself so narrowly to a merely political recitation: once united, Italy and Italians took the course they did because they had evolved within certain easily defined limits—a backward agrarian economy, a legacy of semi-feudalism in the South, a chronic lack of capital accumulation, a lag in the growth of industrialism. If anything was obvious about the earlier Italian statesmen—and Dr. Whyte himself makes this point clearly in Crispi's case—it was their failure to understand the nature and the limits of the resources at their command. In Dr. Whyte's book, unfortunately, there is little that will help the student to understand these limitations any better than Crispi did.

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

Vocal. Complete Operas. WAGNER: *Die Meistersinger* (Bayreuth Company/Karajan. LX 1465-98); Ditto (Vienna State Opera/Knappertsbusch. Act 1, *LXT2646-7; Act 2, *LXT 2560-1; Act 3, *LXT 2648-50). WAGNER: *Parsifal* (Bayreuth Company/Knappertsbusch. *LXT 2651-7). PUCCINI: *Madame Butterfly* (Tebaldi/Rankin/Campora/Inghilleri/Santa Cecilia Orch/Erede. *LXT 2638-40). What case can be made out for the Bayreuth set of *Meistersinger*, which, besides being enormously more cumbersome, costs nearly £5 more than the six handy discs of the Decca LP? Well, here are what I take to be its advantages: (1) a richer, more bloomy string tone; (2) a better Eva (Schwarzkopf), *but only in Act* 3; (3) an altogether superior Magdalena (Ira Malaniuk); (4) a slightly more vivid Beckmesser (Erich Kunz); (5) a better balance between voices and orchestra in Act 2. The last advantage is offset by the fact that throughout the Bayreuth performance the woodwind is much too far back. Against the Decca set it should be said that (1) there are a few bad tape joins (notably at the end of the overture and on page 211 of the miniature score); (2) Act 2, which was made and issued nearly two years ago, has a poorish balance; (3) "Am stillen Herd" sounds effortful, though elsewhere Günther Treptow (Decca) shows himself a superior Walther to Hans Hopf (Col); (4) both Sachs (Schoeffler) and Pogner (Edelmann) are much too continuously forceful in the last scene of Act 1; (5) Hilde Gueden, who is excellent in the first two acts, in the third shows unmistakable signs of fatigue and fails to lead the Quintet with the soaring steadiness and authority required to dominate the male voices. Here—and in Eva's outburst immediately preceding the Quintet—Elisabeth Schwarzkopf scores heavily, and the whole passage is luckily complete on one record (LX 1492). In every other respect I find the Decca set easily the better of the two. Karajan of course obtains some thrilling orchestral effects, but Knappertsbusch, less "dynamic" and with slower tempi, gives the singers more elbow room; the balance is on the whole far more satisfactory, the tone more immediate and better focused; and in Paul Schoeffler we have a measurably superior Sachs—more experienced in the role, more humorous and affectionate.

Objections to the splendid *Parsifal* set are considerably fewer—confined, in fact, to some rather shrill Flower Maidens and a Kundry (Martha Mödl) who, though dramatically all one could desire, has not enough sheer vocal beauty for the *Herzeleide* and the duet in Act 2. On the other hand, the Gurnemanz of Ludwig Weber is a most noble creation, Wolfgang Windgassen has just the right quality for Parsifal, the Amfortas of George London is highly impressive, the chorus outstandingly well balanced, and the orchestra astonishes us time and again by its grave magnificence.

The complete *Butterfly* is a very creditable affair, with a really admirable Pinkerton, the smaller parts all adequately filled, and authentic orchestral playing. The very high hopes raised by Mme Tebaldi's singing in the first two acts are, it must be confessed, partially extinguished in the final scenes, where she too often lets fly in the modern Italian fashion, producing some very ugly tone; but it is safe to assume that the set as a whole will give lasting pleasure.

SCHUBERT: *Die schöne Müllerin* (Fischer-Dieskau/Moore. DB 21388-95). This young German baritone possesses a fine voice of considerable range and personality. It is also clear that he is an intelligent artist; but his delivery makes me suspect that his gifts are essentially those of an opera-singer. There are many beautiful moments in this set, but the style is too unrestrained for Lieder and the singer indulges in frequent bursts of loud, angry tone that appears designed to get across footlights and an orchestra. Aksel Schiötz' version of the cycle (HMV) seems to me distinctly preferable to this. PALESTRINA: Magnificat (in the Fourth Mode) and excerpts from various Masses (Period Choral Society/Strassburg. Nixa *SPLP 513). One of the best records of sixteenth-century music available in this country. The singing is beautifully clear, well sustained and in perfect style. The music also is well chosen and this would be a double star issue, but for a slight shrillness in the recording. Also recommended: PURCELL: An Evening Hymne; HUMPHREY: A Hymne to God the Father (Deller/Geraint Jones (organ). C 4144); MOZART: *Der Zauberer*, K 472; FOLK SONG, arr. BRAHMS: *Da unten im Tale* (Schwarzkopf. LB 118).

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,147

Set by C. Urchin

The usual prizes are offered for an extract (not more than 150 words) from one of the following: Mrs. Pepys's Diary, Johnson's Life of Boswell, *Patmore in the House* by Mrs. Coventry Patmore, Mr. Beeton's Cookery Book, the Letters of Lord Chesterfield *fils* to his father, the Coy Mistress to Andrew Marvell. Entries by February 26.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,144

Set by Fred Oyster

The usual prizes are offered for the best title and blurb to a sequel (newly discovered in MS) of any one of the following: *Madame Bovary*,

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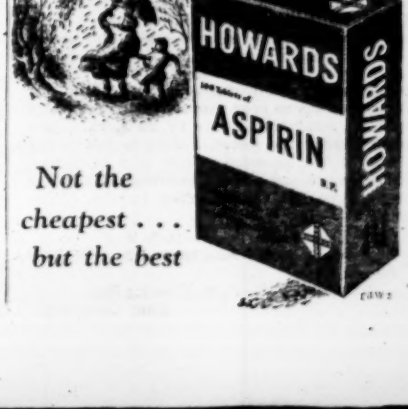

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Alice through the Looking Glass, The Ancient Mariner, Ann Veronica, War and Peace, Hamlet, Uncle Tom's Cabin. Limit 150 words.

Report by Fred Oyster

The Alice fans have it, in numbers at any rate; and it is a mark of their forbearance that only two rebukes were passed to me for having misquoted the title. *Through the Looking Glass* has opened the way to adventures in astronomy, atomic physics, tennis, Canasta, the Stock Exchange, Monopoly, squaring the circle, and UNO. New characters, dreadfully punning or pellucidly rhyming, have loomed up. "Split me!" exclaims an electronic old gentleman, "what a whirl"; and "Guinnesser and Guinnesser," thinks the new Alice as she picks a path among elephants and toucans. Competitors might, I think, since Carroll so easily lends himself to extensions, have made rather more of Alice herself.

Hamlet came second. (This might almost be a Gallup poll of English literary predilections.) Many and ingenious were the aftermaths, the tragedies piled on tragedy. Fortinbras entered into a much-haunted reign; sons and daughters of Hamlet came back crying "Revenge!"; and Horatio suffered a painful deterioration of character in middle age. The ghosts of Hamlets *père et fils*, on conflicting errands, bumped into one another with a "Wist!" and an "Oho!" disturbing to the retired guests of the new king (James Medley).

For the others: Ann Veronica lands up as a Welfare officer in the A.T.S.; Bertha Bovary seeks out and murders all those concerned in her mother's tragedy; *War and Peace* is followed by *Policeman and Peasant*; the Ancient Mariner explores the Antarctic; and after *Uncle Tom's Cabin* came *Topsy's Cabin*, with adventures not always printable.

The first prize of three guineas goes to Seumas and a second prize, of a guinea each, to R. J. P. Hewison, Guy Innes, and Eric Swainson. Runners-up: Joyce Johnson, L. G. Udall, Reese Palley, Colin Watson, and Roy Walker.

THE WHYTE-HEADED BOY, or SONNE OF HAMLET

Honourable Master,

Since that I haue heard of your Delyte in that tragickal Historie by Mr. Wm. SHAKESPERE (lately dead) clep'd *HAMLET, Prince of Denmark*, I humbly auise you there is to bee hadde at the Sign of *The Olive Tree* a Booke new of the Printers entitled *The Whyte-Headed Boy* or *Sonne of HAMLET*, an amusing Tragedie written by that same Mr. SHAKESPEARE. Mistress SHAKESPEERE did fynde the Copie in a Bed not of the best and did send it to mee to bee imprim'd.

It is a notable forgetiue Historie which reuealeth how *Prince* HAMLET got OPHELIA with Childe and how shee gaue Birth to a Sonne before shee dyed. The Sonne being grown to Manhood, hee is visited by a *Deuil* in the Lykeness of his Father which beguileth him to auenge him his Death, saying FORTINBRAS, *Prince of Norway*, hadde kill'd him whyle hee slept.

SEUMAS

THE MARINER'S WIVES

". . . I pass, like night, from land to land," said the Ancient Mariner. Why? To tell stories? To cadge coins? Because of a neurotic impulse? In order to expiate his sins? In search of opium? There have been many theories, but now the world may know for the first time Coleridge's own answer.

In his scholarly introduction to the most fantastic literary discovery of the century, Professor Bert Boggle shatters theory after theory, and proves that the mariner was no more than an ageing roué, forced upon his mendicant itinerary by the seven women whose beds he had shared, and whose honour and wealth he had consumed. Seven tales of passion, disillusionment and ultimate humiliation are packed by Coleridge into one enthralling narrative. Press opinions:

"Not family reading . . ."—*Daily Wail.*

". . . Byron would have blushed . . ."—*Daily Looking Glass.*

". . . exquisite . . ."—*Poetry* (Tooting Bec).

ERIC SWAINSON

ALICE IN NUMBERLAND

With this final instalment of what now clearly emerges as a trilogy, *Wonderland* and *Looking-Glass* fall into place. With all the Carrollean whimsy and inventiveness, *Numberland* yet brings out more clearly than its predecessors the mathematician and don who made up the Rev. Charles Lutwidge Dodgson. Just as *Looking-Glass* is basically a chess-problem, *Numberland* is an intricate mathematical problem, one step to a chapter. Yet the fun can be enjoyed quite independently of the framework.

And what fun it is!—the Garden of Square Roots, the Cube Dance (with refreshments taken at log tables), the rather terrifying chapter in which Alice finds herself reduced to a plane figure of two dimensions, her failure to see the Decimal Point . . . Alice is charmingly herself, down to the little toss of the head as she complains of the Higher Calculus that "he would keep going off at a tangent, you know."

R. J. P. HEWISON

THE TRIBULATIONS OF TOPSY: A BLACK RECORD

This poignant story, reproduced from Harriet Beecher Stowe's intended sequel to *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, will appeal to all believers in equal deals for unequal women. The MS was stolen by Simon Legree, the brutal overseer, who sold it to the Grand Dragon of the Ku-Klux-Klan. It was believed to have been tarred, feathered, and burnt. Concealed, however, by the Grand Dragon's step-daughter, it was discovered by the Federal Bureau of Investigation in the Grand Klavern, Georgia.

Topsy "jest growed" into an heroic woman. Her attempts to "pass" as a White were defeated by her colour and her inability to remove the kink from her hair. After thrilling exploits on the "underground railroad," she surfaced. Adopting male attire, she became a Pullman-car porter, and later a White House cook. Recipes for her famous spoon-pudding, pumpkin pie, head-cheese, and scrapple are reproduced.

GUY INNES

CHESS: Blowing Our Readers' Trumpets

No. 124

High time again to dip into the big treasure-chest—well, say the medium-size envelope bulging with brilliancies and pretty endgames provided from readers' own experience. (More of them are always welcome.) Here is a position in which A. Lothian neatly exploited his opponent's backward development and his own chances of an attack well worth the two pawns sacrificed.

(1)	B-K6 ch	K-R1
(2)	Kt-Kt5	B-K1
(3)	R-Q8	P-KR3
(4)	R x BP	P x R
(5)	R x B	K-Kt2
(6)	R x Kt ch	K-Kt3
(7)	Kt-B3	Kt-B3
(8)	Kt-R4 ch	K-Kt4
(9)	R-Kt7 ch	K-B5

(10) K-B2 K-K5 (11) R-Kt4 ch K-Q6
(12) B-B5 mate

Here is a position which C. Allen (White) ought to have lost. Yet, even after Black's Kt-B5 with all sorts of nasty threats Allen "wriggled out," though not without some co-operation from his all-too-greedy opponent. This is what happened:

(1)	Q-B4 ch	K-R2
(2)	Kt-K3	B x Kt
(3)	R-B2	P x R?
(4)	Q-Kt8 ch ! etc.	

The last two positions, backwash of my recent piece on J. H. Blackburne, do not properly belong in a "readers'

own" collection. But since at least one of them seems missing in the more popular anthologies, F. A. Rhoden certainly deserves thanks for submitting them (and qualifies for the usual chessbook token). In the first position (Berlin, 1881) Blackburne, before playing the obvious B x Kt, teased the gallery by hovering over the KtP for a long time as if he were about to queen it and thereby to fall into Winawer's neat little trap: Q-B8 ch, leading either to perpetual check or to stalemate. In the other position (London, 1883) Skipworth had just played (65) . . . R-K8, and Blackburne proceeded to win very prettily by (66) P-Kt5, Kt-R5 (67) P-Kt6, Kt x P, (68) R-Kt5 ch! K-B5 (69) K-B2! etc.

In this week's competition I have space for two diagrams only. **A** (5 ladder-points) should be none too difficult even for beginners if I add the useful hint that White can achieve his object, a mate in 5, in a roundabout way only, and after having shrewdly restricted the mobility of the enemy Rook. As for **B**—White to win—this was a prize-winner in a Soviet competition. It is an uncommonly subtle piece, not as difficult, perhaps, as others that our crack-competitors took in their stride, yet fully worth 8 points for those who see every *finesse*.

A: A. Wotava 1935

B: A. Herbstman 1947

Usual prizes. Entries by February 25.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set January 26

A: B-B6 ch, P-Kt4, (2) K-R2, QxKt, (3) B-B3, Q-KB7, (4) B-K5, etc.

B: (1) P-B4, K-B5, (2) B-QR1, followed by P-KR8 (Q), etc. if (1) . . . K-K6, (2) B-KR1, followed by P-QR8 (Q), etc.

C: (1) B-B4, B x R, (2) R-Qkt2 ch, K-R1, (3) R-R2 ch, K-Kt2, (4) R-Kt2 ch, K-B1, (5) R-KKt2, B x B, (6) R-Kt6, Q-R2, (7) R-Kt8 ch, followed by R-Kt7 ch, etc.

Even some of our crack-solvers were stumped by **C**, and apart from those stalwarts E. Allan, D. E. Cohen and L. G. Kennion the only competitors who put in flawless solutions were R. C. Chaturvedi, J. Mitchell, and J. M. Reid who share the prizes. ASSIAC

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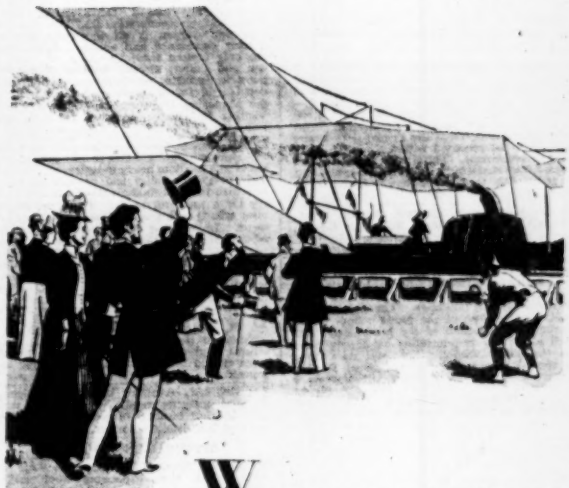

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PERSONAL

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PERSONAL—continued

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THE National Union of Students wishes to contact all past Executive Members concerning the February, 1952, Council Dinner of this Union which is to be held in London on February 29, 1952. Please communicate with the General Secretary, N.U.S., 3 Endsleigh St., W.C.1.

VIOLIN lessons by Marta Eitler, diplomée Vienna Academy, 7 Gloucester St., London, S.W.1. Phone TATe Gallery 0655.

DOUGLAS Glass, Photographer, 43 Black Lion Lane, W.6. RIV. 7522.

PIANO lessons by concert pianist Continental training. Tel. Vic. 0820.

PITMAN'S shorthand. Private individual tuition in sunny, central flat. No classes. Day or evening. Phone PAD. 6929.

PSYCHOLOGIST, Phyllis Perlow, 89 Somerton Rd., N.W.2. GLA. 2400/1272.

FEBRUARY Holiday. Try one of our original holidays: Feb. 22, "Psychology Week-end" in Rye, winter-sporting in Austria, or mimosa holiday, South of France—all within £25 currency allowance! Erna Low, 9 Reece Mews, London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

CORSICA. The best value for your money and your £25 allowance. London/Corsica by air and fortnight at the Camp de l'Horizon on the beautiful Bay of Calvi for £39 10s., only £13 of which comes out of your currency allowance. Wonderful bathing, constant sunshine, perfect freedom. For illustrated brochure apply to: Horizon Holidays, Limited, 146 Fleet St., London, E.C.4. Telephone: City 7163/4.

YUGOSLAV Holidays in T.U. homes, etc. These holidays, promoted by Y.H.F.S. (Doneraile House), are being organised by Holiday Friendship Service, 445 Strand, W.C.2, Tem. 4929. Departure dates every week-end from April (Summer season). Write (send stamp) stating holiday dates. See "Meetings" column.

COTE d'Azur. Cap Mimosa (nr. St. Tropez), magnificently situated on the blue waters' edge. A glorious holiday at the leading Riviera camp. English management. 14 days' incl. travel £25 10s. For brochure write Cap Mimosa, La Croix Valmer, Var, France. (4d. postage.)

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BENJAMIN Kaplan, L.G.S.M., A.G.S.M., (Pianoforte) has vacancies for a few pupils. 67 Cranley Gardens, N.10. Tudor 4411.

HALL of Institute of Journalists available for mtgs. Seats up to 100. Mod. rental. Apply Gen. Sec., 2-4 Tudor St., E.C.4.

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WALKING Tours in Italy. Come with us on early holidays to Italy's flower-filled valleys of the South Tyrol. Parties leave on April 5 and May 31. Another starts for Naples and the Sorrento Peninsula on May 18. For details of these and many other unconventional spring and summer holidays write to Ramblers' Assn., 48a Park Rd. N.W.1.

MONTHLY Salaries Loan Co., Ltd., 6 Chandos St., Cavendish Sq., W.1. LAN. 5714. Personal Loans from £30.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

BERTOLA is the cream of sherries—Ask for Bertola Cream.

PHILIP HUMPHREYS, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. Kensington 8042.

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ROBERT George Miles, Psychologist, 70 Belsize Park Gdns., N.W.3. PRI. 6982.

OXFORD Centre for Psychotherapy. Enquiries to the Secretary, The Ridings, Shotover, Oxford.

SOCKS repaired, 3d. per 1-inch hole. B4, OSEV, 6, Silver Cres., W.4. CHI. 0765.

P.S.: "3 weeks abroad on the New Travel Allowance"? Yes, if you turn to page 194 and book with Harold Ingham.

P.P.S.: Still ski-ing, by the way. Last parties in Switzerland and Austria.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—continued

UNIVERSITY of London: The dates of the two lectures on "The Conseil d'Etat and the protection of the liberty of the individual," by H.E. The French Ambassador, have been changed to February 29 and March 14. The lectures will be held at the University of London, Senate House, W.C.1, at 5.30 p.m. Admission free, without ticket.

UNIVERSITY of London.—A course of three lectures will be given by Walter Battiss (Pretoria Art Centre), at 5.30 p.m., on February 21 and 28, and March 6, at University of London, Senate House, W.C.1. February 21: The Art of Yesterday in South Africa (Prehistoric Engravings and Bushman Paintings); February 28: The Art of To-day in South Africa (Bantu Designs); March 6: The Art of To-day in South Africa (European Art). Admission free, without ticket.

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of two lectures on "The Physical and Historical Geography of Iceland" will be given by Professor S. Thorarinsson (Reykjavik), at 5.15 p.m., on February 21 and 26, at Bedford College, Regent's Park, N.W.1. Admission free, without ticket.

GRESHAM College, Basinghall St., London, E.C.2. Four Lectures on "John Donne" will be given by the Professor in Rhetoric, Nevill Coghill, Esq., M.A., Mon. to Thurs., Feb. 18 to 21. The Lectures are free and begin at 5.30 p.m.

"SOCIALISM & Private Industry," Week-end School organised by Central London Fabian Society at High Leigh, Hoddesdon, Herts, Feb. 29 to March 2. Speakers: Ian Mikardo, M.P., Austin Albu, M.P., & D. Bowers. Particulars from G. Drain, 6 Willoughby Rd., N.W.3.

THE Herd Psychology of Politics: J. N. Glinister. A Critique of Modern Dialectical Thought: H. Walsby. Feb. 22-25, Braziers Park, Ipsden, Oxon. Checkendon 221.

ST. Loyes School of Occupational Therapy, Exeter. Diploma Course. Practical and Theoretical subjects. A few vacancies in September, 1952. Apply Principal.

CHIROPODY as a Career. London Foot Hospital. Two-year courses for qualification of Society of Chiropodists (M.Ch.S.). Few vacancies for Course commencing April. Minimum age 17 years. Educational grants for assistance during training in approved cases. School under administration Paddington Group Hospital Management Committee. Prospectus, Principal, London Foot Hospital, 33 Fitzroy Square, W.1.

A CENTRE for Foreign Languages. Day and Evening Classes in French, German, Spanish, Italian for beginners of all grades. English for Foreign Visitors. Priv. Less. in all languages. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free. Language Tuition Centre, 10 Portman St., Marble Arch, W.1. May. 4640, 3805.

LONDON University and other exams.: University Correspondence College, founded 1887, prepares students for Entrance (Matric.), Inter. and Degree Exams. in Arts, Science, Econs., etc., Dip. in Public Admin., Social Studies; for General Certificate of Education (Ordinary and Advanced Levels); Oxford, Cambridge and others, Professional Prelim. exams., Law, Civil Service, Local Govt., etc. U.C.C. is an Educational Trust not conducted primarily as a profit-making concern. Mod. fees, instalments. Pros. free from Registrar, 70 Burlington House, Cambridge.

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DENMARK. College Physical Education, Fredensborg. Vacation Courses for Men and Women, August, 1952. Gymnastics, Games, Dancing, Swimming, etc. One-Year Course for Men. Write Principal.

LANGHAM Secretarial College provides comprehensive secretarial and finishing courses, with languages and current affairs. Residential and day students; canteen. Interesting posts found after Diploma. Early vacancies. Autumn courses now enrolling. Prospectus: Principal, 18 Dunraven St., Park Lane, W.1. Tel.: MAYfair 2604/5.

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LECTURE COURSES, etc.—continued

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TINY pied-à-terre, bkfst. Use tel. Close Clapham S. tube. 25s. p.w. Box 8821.

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ACCOMMODATION—continued

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TO let: large well-furn. divan-bed-sitting-room for suitable business girl. Light cooking facils. available. Controlled rent £2 2s. p.w., incl. elec. light. Phone Hampstead 2789 after 4.30 p.m.

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PROFESSIONAL woman urgently reqs. small unfurn. s/c flatlet. Central London. Modest rent. Highest refs. Box 8765.

PROF. couple seek furn. accom. sep. kit. Mod. rent. Cent./N.W. Box 8877.

ARTIST, wife, baby expected, require unfurn. London flat, moderate rent. Reddick, 389 Highway, E.1.

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MALE, 28 years old, requires accommodation in West or Central London. Large bed-sit., or would share flat. Away three or four days each week. Box 8595.

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YOUNG doctor and wife require flat or rooms. Preferably semi-, or un-furnished. Short term considered. Box 8766.

ARTIST, young, responsible, urgently requires studio or unfurnished/partly-furnished room. Mod. rent. Box 8622.

WANTED—lease/buy cheaply as possible legendary country cottage, E. Sussex village pref. nr. sea. Box 8729.

WANTED to rent, furnished house, minimum 3 bedrooms, rural district Southern Counties 3 months from late April. British Council Officer on leave, 3 children. Write Airmail, Horner, Box 68, Port of Spain, Trinidad.

ACCOMMODATION—continued

WANTED to rent for any 4 weeks between July 26 and Sept. 6, seaside bungalow or cottage 3-4 bedrooms; pref. S. coast within 120 miles London. Reply: Stickings, Carisbrooke, Westbury Drive, Brentwood, Essex.

MISCELLANEOUS

THE Continental Club for conversation and tuition in foreign languages every Tuesday evening from 8 p.m. 15 Baker Street, W.1. Enquiries Secretary, CUN. 8837.

IRVING Theatre Club, Leicester Square, rendezvous for Players and Playgoers. Regular seasons of Intimate Plays and Revues. Lounge Bar and Food Counter. Annual subscription: full members 21s.; theatre members 5s.; members of Equity 10s. 6d. Apply 17, Irving St., W.C.2. WHItehall 3678.

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READERS' MARKET

FOR Sale: Cambridge Modern History, 13 volumes (1934); "1,001 Nights" by Burton, 17 volumes, illustrated, mint condition, uncut, £18; "Scrutiny," odds; Royal Portable Typewriter; Brand-new Smith-Corona Portable Typewriter, £25; Royal 10, 12gns.; Dumb Piano, 2gns.; Fine, small Viola d'Amore, 18th century, £50.

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Send no money or goods in reply to the advertisements, but write first to N.S. & N. Readers' Market, 10, Great Turnstile, mentioning advt. and details (separate letter for each item). Charges under this heading, 2s. first word, 10d. a word after, including forwarding replies.

ENTERTAINMENTS

WINTER Gdn. Christopher Fry's "The Firstborn." Evgs. 7. Th. 2.30. St. 5 & 8. Alec Clunes. Ltd. run 3 wks. Hol. 8881.

ARTS (Tem. 3334). 7 (ex. Mon.), St. Sun. 5 & 8. Marcel Marceau. Mems. 5s. yrly.

ATTIC Players present Euripides' "Iphigenia in Aulis," transl. Raymond Raikes, City Lit. Inst., Stukeley St., Drury Lane, Feb. 21, 22, 23 at 7.45. Tickets in advance only from J. R. Cottle, Dulwich College, S.E.21, or GIP. 2627; 3s. 6d. & 2s. 6d.

IRVING. Whi. 8657. 10.30 (ex. Mon.) Sun. 8.30. "The Irving Revue." ("Smartly outrageous," The Times). Mems. 5s. yrly.

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UNITY. EUS. 5391. Last 2 wks. "Mother Goose." Weds. to Suns., 7.30. Mems. only. "Candy Story" coming shortly.

"UBU Roi" by Alfred Jarry. Trans. Barbara Wright. Reading produced by Billy Jay. Institute of Contemporary Arts, 17, Dover St., W.1. Mon., Feb. 18, 8.30 p.m. Members 2s. 6d., guests 3s. 6d.

GARCIA Lorca's "Blood Wedding." Presented by Birkbeck Players. Feb. 22, 23, 7.30 p.m. Inst. of Education Theatre. Tickets 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., Business Manager, Players, Birkbeck College, Malet St., W.C.1.

MANCHESTER Britain-China Friendship Assoc., Film, "Daughters of China." Regal Cinema, Oxford Rd., Feb. 22, 7.30 p.m. Tickets 1s. 9d., 2s. 6d., 5s., from Gibbs & Collet's Bookshops.

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Until Feb. 17: Orson Welles' "Lady from Shanghai" (A). Fr. Feb. 18 "Edouard et Caroline" (A).

MOUNTAINEERING Association Film Shows. Memorial Hall, Church House, Westminster. March 5 and 6. Climbs and Flights in the Dolomites, Climbs in the Rockies, La Meije, Sestrieres (ski-ing), Snow on the Dolomites, Ski-ing in Norway, etc. Tickets, 2s. 6d., obtainable only from E. H. Large, 43 Rainsford Lane, Chelmsford.

PEOPLE'S Palace. Adv. 3331. Feb. 17, 7.30. "Captain Caution" (A).

THRILLING new Hungarian film "Colony Underground" will be shown to members and friends of British Hungarian Friendship Society in London on Thurs., Feb. 21; for free admission tickets send S.A.E. to B.H.F.S. (F), 33 Pembridge Square, W.2.

ARTHUR Dennington conducting Modern Symphony Orchestra. Margaret Haes (soprano), Hermann Baron (violin). Holst, The Planets (5 movts.), Fragment of Beethoven's Violin Concerto in C (1792) (probably 1st English perf.), Mozart Violin Concerto No. 7 (K.271a), Seven early Songs by Alban Berg, works by Matthew Locke & Chabrier. Northern Polytechnic, Holloway Rd. Stn. (Piccadilly Line), Buses 43, 609, 611, 679, tickets 2s. to 6s. Sat., Feb. 16, at 7.30 p.m.

DVORAK & Mendelssohn: 4th Concert in Series presented by Y.W.C.A. in Queen Mary Hall on Weds., Feb. 20. Aolian String Quartet, with Keith Cummings (viola). Dvorak Ops. 61, 97, Mendelssohn Op. 18. The cancelled Concert by the Kantrovitch Trio will now take place Sunday, Feb. 17, at 7.30. Seats 4s., 2s. 6d. Box Off. Y.W.C.A. Cent. Club, Gt. Russell St. W.C.1. MUS. 7512.

HAMPSTEAD Town Hall, Mon. March 3, 7.30. The Society for Twentieth Century Music presents: Rene Soames, Frederick Stone, Gilbert Webster & The Dennis Brain Wind Quintet in works by Arnold Schoenberg, Bernard van Dieren, Daniel Jones & Roberto Gerhard. Tkts. 6s. 6d., 4s. 9d., 3s. 6d. from all Hampstead agents & Chappell's, 50 New Bond St., W.1. MAYfair 7600.

YPC. (Jewish National Fund) presents Mark Hambourg in "The Eighth Octave," Saturday, March 1, 8.30 p.m. (doors open 8 p.m.), Caxton Hall, S.W.1. 3s. 6d. at door.

VICTORIA Kingsley, Songs with Guitar (Last Recital prior to World Tour). Wigmore Hall, Wed., Feb. 20, at 7.30. Tickets: 9s., 6s., 3s., at Hall and Agents. Imperial Concert Agency, 20 Kingly St., W.1.

SALOMON Orchestra, conductor Clifford E. Browne. Conway Hall, Feb. 21, 8 p.m. Mozart, Beethoven, Berkeley, Finzi. Soloists: Phyllis Mander, Marian Hillier. Tickets 5s., 3s. 6d., 2s. 6d.

NEGRO Folk Music Recital by America's most famous singer of Blues, Folk Songs, Ballads. Big Bill Broonzy. Cambridge Theatre, Sunday, Feb. 24, 3 p.m. Tickets 8s. 6d.—2s. 6d., from Wilcox Organisation, 4 Earlham St., W.C.2. TEM. 1762.

INTERNATIONAL Friendship League, C.L.B. Dance, Sat., February 16, 7.30-11, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq. Tickets 4s.

DANCE. West African Students' Union, at 13 Chelsea Embankment, S.W.3. 8 p.m. Sat., Feb. 16. Single 3s.; Double 5s. Ted Mack and his Band.

CONTEMPORARY Art Society: An Evening Party at Tate Gallery, March 19. (Tickets 15s., including wine and refreshments.) Preview of Special Exhibition which will be of particular interest to members. Also Dinner served in the Rex Whistler Restaurant (7s. 6d.). Members of the Society should apply to C.A.S., Tate Gallery, S.W.1. (Membership fee from 1gn.).

ENTERTAINMENTS—continued

DINNER Dance. The Progressive Business Men's Forum. Members and guests 25s. Lyons' Coventry St. Corner House, Sunday, Feb. 24, 7.30 p.m. Tkts. from Sec., 33 New Cavendish St., W.1.

CARNIVAL Dance, February 16, 7-11 p.m. Chenil Galleries, next to Chelsea Town Hall, King's Rd., S.W.3. Tickets from Erna Low, 9 Reece Mews, London, S.W.7. Tel. KEN. 0911.

AMERICAN Square Dancing taught every Monday at 8.30 p.m. All Nations Social Club, Gt. Cumberland Hall, Bryanston St., Marble Arch, W.1. 2s. 6d.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily at 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1 (N.E. corner of Lincoln's Inn Fields). Illustrated Catalogue 6d. post free.

FRENCH drawings from Fouquet to Gauguin. The Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Open till March 16. Mon., Tues., Thurs., Sat. 10-6, Wed., Fri. 10-8, Sun. 2-6. (Sat., Mar. 1, 10-1). 1s.

PHOTOGRAPHS by Cartier-Bresson, one of the greatest living photographers. I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover St., W.1. Daily 10-6 (Sat. inc.), Sun. 2-6.

MARLBOROUGH. 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. Paris—Paintings & Pastels by Paul Maze. February 7-20. Daily 10-5, Sats., 10-12.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. French Landscapes by 19th and 20th Century Painters.

BRIGHTON. The Royal Pavilion with Regency furniture. Dly. inc. Suns. 10-5.

ROLAND, Browse and Delbanco, 19 Cork St., W.1. Recent Paintings: Ruszkowski, 1st Exhibn.; Edward Smith; Bernard Dunstan.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W.1. First London Exhibition of Vieira da Silva; Thirty French Paintings; Etchings & Lithographs by Jacques Villon. Recent paintings by W. Barns-Graham. 10-6. Sat. 10-1.

ARCADE Gallery. Flemish and Dutch Mannerist and Baroque Paintings. 28 Old Bond St., 10-5; Sat. 10-1.

IRVING Galleries, 17 Irving St., Leic. Sq. Select Paintings, old and modern, under 25gns. And Display of Art Books.

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. 75th Birthday Exhibition of Paintings and Drawings (1893-1951) by Alfred Wolmark. Mon.-Fri. 10-5. Sun. 2-5. Until March 2.

HIROSHIGE. Arts Council Exhibition of Colour Prints and Drawings. New Burlington Galleries, Old Burlington Street, W.1. Open to March 15. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat., 10-6; Tues., Thurs. 10-8. Admission 1s.

HANDMADE Pottery by Studio potters in Great Britain, from Feb. 13 to March 13, at Heal & Son, Ltd., 196 Tottenham Court Road, W.1.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George St., W.1. 1st Exh. in England of American painter, Walter Stuempfig. Also recent paintings by Edward Wright. Until Mar. 15.

LEEDS. Priestley Hall, City Square. Rumanian Exhibition. Life & development in the Rumanian People's Republic. Open till Feb. 20. Week-days (inc. Sat.) 10 to 8 p.m. Admission free.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

UNIVERSITY of London. A lecture on "Structure and Main Divisions of French Law as Opposed to English Law" will be given by Professor R. David ((Paris) at 5.30 p.m. on February 27 at King's College, Strand, W.C.2. Admission free, without ticket.

UNIVERSITY of London. A lecture on "Parliamentary Government in the Dominions" will be given by The Rt. Hon. Lord Campion at 5 p.m. on Feb. 25 at University College (Eugenics Theatre), Gower St., W.C.1. Admission free, without ticket.

BELGIAN Institute, 6 Belgrave Sq., S.W.1. Thurs., February 21, 6.30 p.m. Lecture by Mme. Emilie Noulet. Subject: "La Modernité d'Emile Verhaeren." Adm. free.

KING'S College London. Professor W. R. Niblett, B.A., B.Litt., Director of the Institute of Education, University of Leeds, will lecture at 5.30 p.m. on Thursday, Feb. 21, on "Education and Individuality." Adm. free, without ticket.

HALDANE Society: "Constitutional Developments in the Colonies," Dr. N. Pritt, K.C., and C. W. Greenidge, formerly Chief Justice of British Honduras and Solicitor General of Nigeria. Wednesday, February 20, Niblett Hall, Inner Temple, E.C.4, at 7 p.m.

"CHALLENGE of Socialism" public meetings, Denison House, Vauxhall Bridge Rd., Victoria, S.W.1. (2) "Do Men Make History?" Sunday, Feb. 24, 7 p.m. Socialist Party of Great Britain.

"HOW can we prevent a Third World War?" Conference called by Hampstead Peace Council, Hampstead Town Hall, Tuesday, Feb. 19, 7.30 p.m. Chairman: Mrs. Dora Russell. Speaker: S. S. Silverman, M.P. Visitors welcome. Admission free.

REV. R. Sorensen, M.P., on "Labour Party's Colonial Policy" at Denison House, Vauxhall Bridge Rd., Thurs. Feb. 21, 7.30 p.m. All invited. League of Coloured Peoples. ABB. 5226.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

POALE Zion (Jewish Socialist Labour Party). "The Fight Against World Poverty." An Address by the Rt. Hon. Harold Wilson, M.P., formerly President of Board of Trade, Wed., Feb. 20, 7.45, at Anglo-Israeli Club, 43 Great Windmill St., W.1. Chair.: Dr. S. A. Miller. Free. All welc.

"THE Theosophical Society—A World Movement." Mrs. Doris Groves. Sun., Feb. 17, 7 p.m. Theosophical Soc., 50 Gloucester Place, W.1.

"WORLD Food Shortage—Vegetarianism the Answer," by H. H. Jones, B.A. Monday, Feb. 18, at the Alliance Hall (nr. St. James's Park Underground Stn.) 7.30 p.m. Adm. free; collection.

CONWAY Discussion Circle. South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Weekly, discussions in the Library on Tuesdays at 7 p.m. Feb. 19, Mrs. N. Spiller, "Equal Pay for Women; an International Problem." Adm. free. Collection.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. February 23 at 6 p.m. M. Yves Tarlet (Alliance Française): "Le Festival du Rire."

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday Mornings at 11 o'clock. Feb. 17, The Rt. Hon. Lord Chorley, M.A., J.P., "Some Problems of Party Politics." Questions after lecture. Admission free. Chamber Concert 6.30 p.m.

THEOSOPHY. Public Lecture, Sundays, 7 p.m., United Lodge of Theosophists, 17 Gt. Cumberland Place, Marble Arch. All welcome. Feb. 17: Methods of Healing.

"THE Cuts—What are You doing?" Bring your experiences to the National Assembly of Women, St. Pancras Town Hall, Sunday, March 9, 10.30-5 p.m. Delegate's Fee 2s. 6d. Details from International Women's Day Committee, 174, Uxbridge Road, London, W.12. Shepherds Bush 2180.

ANGLO-U.S. Relations: A Conference with Barbara Castle, M.P., and Rt. Hon. John Strachey, M.P., on Sat., March 8, 2.30 at Beaver Hall, E.C.4. Tickets 2s. 6d. from Fabian Internat. Bureau, 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1. (Tea available at meeting.)

REV. Michael Scott, Lord Pakenham, Gilbert Murray, John Ferguson will speak at United Nations Association Meeting on "World Affairs—a Moral Crisis?" Central Hall, Westminster, Feb. 20, 7.30 p.m. Adm. free. Reserved seats 5s. and 2s. 6d. from 25 Charles St., W.1.

EDMUND Blunden, Alex Comfort, Olivia Manning, Clifford Dyment, Muriel Spark ("Observer" £250 Prize-winner), James Kirkup and Roger MacDougall (Chairman) read from their work at I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1, 7.30 p.m., Feb. 20. Tickets 3s. 6d. at door or from Authors' World Peace Appeal, 50 Old Brompton Rd., S.W.7.

HUGH Gaitskell, M.P., on "The Sterling Area Crisis," St. Marylebone Fabian Society Dinner-Meeting, Tuesday, Feb. 19, 7 p.m. Classic Restaurant, 102 Baker St., W.1. Members 4s. 6d., non-members 5s. Reservations: CUN. 6546.

THE English Folk Dance and Song Society: The Second Rodney Gallop Memorial Lecture to be given by Ian Grimble on "Faroese Folk Dance and Song," with illustrations, has been postponed until Friday, March 7, at 7 p.m. at Cecil Sharp House, 2 Regent's Park Road, N.W.1. Admission free.

THE Progressive Business Men's Forum. "Can Science Bring Peace?", a discussion between: Professor J. D. Bernal, M.A., F.R.S., Professor N. F. Mott, M.A., Professor B. Farrington. February 21, 7.30 p.m., Royal Hotel, Woburn Place, W.C.1. Visitors 3s. 6d. Hon. Sec. WEL. 0136.

ALL-PARTY Brains Trust, Central Hall, Westminster, Thursday, February 21, at 7.30 p.m. Question Master—Gilbert Harding. Brains Trust: Anthony Wedgwood-Benn, M.P., W. J. Brown, Dingle Foot, Ted Kavanagh, and Ivor Thomas. Admission Free. Numbered and Reserved Seats at 7s. 6d., 5s., 2s. 6d., and 1s., from Liberal Party Headquarters, 58 Victoria St., S.W.1. (Vic. 7681.)

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. "The Development of Jewish Liturgical Music." Lecture by Rev. Raphael H. Levy, M.A. Thursday Feb. 21, at 8 p.m. Visitors 1s.

ALL-Nations Social Club (non-political): "The Colonies," by Lady Huggins (wife of ex-Governor, Jamaica), Thurs., Feb. 21, at 8 p.m. Questions and discussion. Great Cumberland Hall, Bryanston St., Marble Arch, W.1 (behind Cumberland Hotel). Non-members 1s. 6d. at door.

D. G. MACRAE, M.A. "Social Sciences & Social Policy." Hampstead Ethical Society, 783 Finchley Rd., nr. Regal Cinema, Golders Green. Sun., Feb. 17, 7.45.

PROTEST meeting against use of African troops in Malaya and Egypt by joint African organisations at Trafalgar Square, Sunday, Feb. 17, at 2 p.m. African, Malayan, British speakers. Procession starting from Marble Arch (Bayswater Rd.) at 1 p.m.

BRITAIN-China Friendship Association Conference: "No War with China." Postponed to Saturday, Feb. 23, Beaver Hall, 2-7 p.m. Delegates 2s.; visitors welcome, 1s. Chairman: Mr. G. Bing, M.P. Speakers: Dr. J. Needham, Mr. S. Silverman, M.P., Mr. P. Townsend, Mr. H. Dickinson.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

"RECENT Excavations in Roman London." A lecture will be given by W. F. Grimes, M.A., F.S.A., for St. Marylebone Public Libraries at Stern Hall, 33 Seymour Place, Marble Arch, on Monday, Feb. 18 at 8 p.m. Admission free.

TARBUT La'Am (Jewish Cultural Centre), 17 Broadhurst Gardens, N.W.6. Sunday, February 17, 8 p.m. "Problems of Education in Israel." Dr. M. Gerson.

LUNCH-Hour talk on "Rearmament and our Standard of Living," by E. C. Johnson, Esq., on Tues., Feb. 19, at 12.45 p.m. Admission 6d. Canteen. At Abbey Community Centre, 29 Marsham St., S.W.1.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society, Tues., Feb. 19, at 7.30 p.m. St. Anne's Church House, 57 Dean St., W.1. "A new German Army," Jacques Mendelson.

SCHOENBERG and his music. Lecture by Edward Clark, I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover St., W.1. 8 p.m., Fri., Feb. 22.

YUGOSLAV 'Holidays Meeting, Denison House, Near Victoria Station, Wed., February 20, 7.30 p.m. All welcome. Travel experts in attendance.

BRITISH Rumanian Friendship Assoc. Lecture: "Social Services in Rumania," S. Leff, M.D., D.P.H., Bar.-at-Law. Chairman: Mr. L. J. Solley, Bar.-at-Law, 20 Pont St., S.W.1. Sunday, Feb. 17 at 7.30. Refreshments available. Admission free.

INDIVIDUAL & Public Health: the Nature Cure Outlook. Feb. 18. Dr. B. P. Allinson, "A Doctor Looks at Nature Cure." Feb. 25, Miss Lilly Lost, "The Vaccination Hindrance to Foreign Travel." Friends House, Euston Road, N.W.1. 7 p.m. Adm. 2s. Partics. of Series from N.C. Clinic, 13 Oldbury Place, W.1.

HAROLD Wilson on the Budget: Livingstone Hall, Tothill St. (opp. St. James' Park Tube Stn.). 7.30 p.m., Friday, March 7. Tickets 2s. from Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1.

PERSONALIST Group. H. J. Blackham, J. B. Coates and Alec Craig on "How to find a solid basis for public policy in religious and moral concerns." Ethical Church, Queensway, Bayswater, Thurs., Feb. 21, at 7.30 p.m. Non-members 1s. 6d.

BRITISH-Czechoslovak Friendship League, 20 Pont St., S.W.1. Tues., Feb. 19, 7.45 p.m. "Education with a Future." Speaker: Mr. Tom Smith, B.D., A.K.C., Dip. Ed. Chair.: Mr. Reg Neal. Adm. free. All welc.

BRITISH-Czechoslovak Friendship League, 20 Pont St., S.W.1. Thur., Feb. 21, at 7.45 p.m. Doctors and the Public in Czechoslovakia, an informal discussion led by Dr. David Lewis, M.B., Ch.B., who was recently in Czechoslovakia. All welcome, adm. free.

LINGUAFILM Cinema, 13 Suffolk St., Haymarket. Public showing of "Une Semaine à Paris" & other language teaching films. Mondays 6.30 and 8.30 p.m. Adm. free.

MAJOR E. J. Langford Garstin, M.C., M.A., will speak on "Spiritual Alchemy," at 17 Gt. Cumberland Place, Marble Arch, Fri., Feb. 22, at 8.15. All welcome; no charge.

"OUR Fundamental Beliefs: (1) About God." Address by Rabbi Leslie I. Edgar, M.A., at Sunday Service, February 17, at 11 a.m., at the Liberal Jewish Synagogue, 28 St. John's Wood Rd., N.W.8 (opp. Lord's Cricket Ground). All welcome.

"THE Challenge to Humanism": four Sunday evening meetings to discuss public policy on religion. Feb. 17, 6.30 p.m., H. J. Blackham: "Facts and Alternatives for a Public Policy on Religion." At the Ethical Church, 4a Inverness Place, Queensway, W.2.

"TRANSITION to Self-Government in West Africa." J. McLean. Tuesday, Feb. 19, 6.45 p.m. Hope House, Gt. Peter St., S.W.1. 1s. 6d. at door. U.D.C., 32 Victoria St., S.W.1.

PRACTICAL Mysticism—Talks at Friends House, Euston Road, Thursdays, at 6.30, Feb. 21: Mental Relaxation. Feb. 28: Theory and Practice of Meditation. Arranged by Shanti Sadan. 29 Chepstow Villas, W.11.

BUDDHIST Society, Public Lecture, Mon., Feb. 18, 6.30 p.m. Caxton Hall, S.W.1. "Karma & Rebirth in Daily Life," Christmas Humphreys.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre (63 Cromwell Rd., S.W.7). Swami Ghanananda, Kingsway Hall. Every Tues., 7.30 p.m. Meditation & Gita. Thurs., 7.30. Feb. 21: "Yoga in Practice." All welcome.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

UNIVERSITY of London.—A course of two lectures will be given by Professor R. Guiette (Ghent), at 5.30 p.m., on February 26 and 29, at University of London, Senate House, W.C.1. February 26: Le mystère de Griseldis; February 29: Max Jacob. Admission free, without ticket.

HANOVER School of Modern Languages. All Languages. English for Foreigners. Intensive Courses. Day & Evng. Classes. Private Tuition. Preparation for Exams. Accom. arranged. 1 Hanover Sq., W.1. GRO. 7347.

(Lecture Courses, etc.—contd. on p. 199)

More Classified Adverts. on Pages 197, 198, 199

Entered as second-class Mail Matter at the New York, N.Y. Post Office 1928. Printed in Great Britain for the Proprietors by Cornwall Press Ltd., Paris Garden, Stamford Street, London, S.E.1. Published Weekly at 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.